THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1588

MAY 22, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, May 22, 1934

No. 1588. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Lady Cecilia Wellesley

Lady Gloria Vaughan and the Countess of Lisburne

Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun

THEIR MAJESTIES' FIRST COURT

Lady Cecilia Wellesley is Clare, Countess Cowley's younger daughter. She was presented by her mother, as was Lady Gloria Vaughan, the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's eldest daughter. The latter looked lovely in her silver sunray dress. Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun is the only child of Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, Kent, and a goddaughter of the late King Albert

Sir Arthur Grant and Miss Priscilla Thomson

Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, is in the Grenadier Guards ; he and Miss Priscilla Thomson, Brigadier and Mrs. Alan Thomson's younger daughter, were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Arthur Owen

Travellers Returned

A snapshot of Viscount and Viscountess Selby, who have just got back from their trip to South Africa. Lady Selby was Miss Veronica Briscoe-George, and married the twenty-two-year-old Lord Selby last year

Guests at the Antrim-Sykes and Grant-Thomson Weddings

(1) Mr. R. Heber-Percy, who is going out to stay with Lord Berners in Rome, and Miss Hickman. (2) Mr. and Lady Diana Dixon went to see Miss Priscilla Thomson married. (3) Lord and Lady David Cecil were at Miss Angela Sykes's wedding to Lord Antrim. (4) And so were Mr. Ronald and Lady Elizabeth Dawnay ; she is Earl Grey's daughter. (5) Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Talbot leaving the Brompton Oratory. (6) Sir Richard Sykes, Miss Angela Sykes's brother, talking to Mrs. Bethell, after his sister's wedding

The Earl of Antrim and Miss Angela Sykes

Lord Antrim and Miss Angela Sykes, youngest sister of Sir Richard Sykes, of Sledmere, Yorkshire, had a very big wedding at the Brompton Oratory. The reception was held at Mrs. Arthur James's house in Grafton Street

Mr. J. A. Steel and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury

Mr. John Allistair Steel, son of the late Sydney Steel and Mrs. Steel, of Blackpark, Perthshire, and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Honorary Pathologist to the Home Office, leaving the Savoy Chapel after their wedding there last week

Looking at London

Right: Lady Scone, the Earl of Cadogan, and Lady Mary Egerton at the International Ball, held at the Dorchester last week under the auspices of the League of Nations Union

Below: Mrs. Blois's party at the Café de la Paix for her débutante daughter: Mr. Ian Cameron, Miss Phoebe Houstoun-Boswall, Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, Miss Jane Blois, Mrs Blois's daughter, Mr. Patrick Campbell, Miss Marie McRae-Smith, Mr. John Hornung, Miss Corisande Bellew, Mr. Charles Harding, Miss Sylvia Ryle, Mr. Ned Fisher-Rowe, Mrs. Edward Bellew, and the hostess

Swaebe

A Party for a Débutante

Swaebe

Lord Tennyson and Lady Alington were two more of the guests at the International Ball at the Dorchester

By the River

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd At Her New Home

Interior of a Smuggler's House by the Thames

THE Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd, who married Lord and Lady Rennell's second son about six months ago, has just lately moved into Rose Cottage, Strand-on-the-Green, which Mr. Peter Rodd had before he married. Rose Cottage was originally a haunt of the riverside smugglers, and still has the wine-cellar beneath it exactly as it was when the smugglers used to store their goods there. Mrs. Rodd is Lord and Lady Redesdale's eldest daughter, and as Nancy Mitford is well known as the authoress of two amusing society-ish novels, "Highland Fling" and "Christmas Pudding"

Mrs. Rodd outside Rose Cottage, Strand-on-the-Green

Photographs by Lenare

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 51. Tallulah Bankhead

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

RESTLESS yet punctual, intoxicating yet unhappy, Tallulah Bankhead is one of the most improbable people I know. Even her name is unlikely. But her earnestness is evident, and her sincerity undeniable. Her greatest enemy is her self-appointed, tittering, hysterical stage-door following. Her second greatest enemy is herself. Tallulah never prevaricates, and yet her cigarette-voice, wide eyes, and exaggerated vocabulary contrive to invest her with a glamour otherwise only exuded by eighteenth-century actresses. Compared with some other American actresses, Tallulah is prim and sedate, as, indeed, the daughter of an Alabama Senator should be.

SHE has a darting mind. (When someone said to her that she had a heart of gold, " A heart of platinum," she amended.)

When nervous, as she often is, she chews her lips, blinks her eyes, or swings her foot. She has given up biting her nails. Her nervousness causes her to do strange things. With strangers she pours out a stream of chatter intermingled with " Divine " and " Darling." With her friends her language is punctuated with engaging crudities. They call her " Die doner," which, I fancy, is low-German for " Thunder." Tallulah hates spring and skyscrapers and traffic jams. She adores taxicab-drivers (because they always have a box of matches), sleeping, and Virginian cigarettes. By the way, her full name is Tallulah Brockman James Leicester Bankhead (they thought she was going to be a boy). Her oral memory is prodigious. You never need a prompter if she is in your show. She knows everybody's part as well as her own. All told, she has appeared in fifteen plays and two sketches over here. In only two of them did she undress. But the memory lingers yet. . . . Her best part was Amy in *They Knew What They Wanted*. Her last part was in *Let Us Be Gay*. Tallulah is very frank, but the only thing that really makes her lose her temper is if her steak is underdone.

In everything she does she has an extraordinary instinct (" But I am really very ignorant "). Cheiro once told her that her lucky stone was the diamond. She agreed. He also told her she was going to die. She refused. To-day she loves having her fortune told by cards—dressers, cloak-room women, casual friends, anyone will do.

SHE is a friend of Greta Garbo, an admirer of Marlene Dietrich, and the possessor of an eternal gratitude to the late Sir Gerald du Maurier for putting her into *The Dancers*. She loves excitement. But is terrified by the way the gallery girls maul her. For it has come to that. The other night she was literally trembling after being mobbed outside a picture theatre. So would Carnera have been. It was more like a scene from the French Revolution than an evening in the Haymarket. Poor Tallulah ! She *does* have a hell of a time, one way and another, doesn't she ?

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Merited Murder

Damon Wells (Basil Sydney), actor, drunkard, and murderer—but really rather a likeable fellow

Right: Alice Temple (Martita Hunt), the heroine's aunt from Harrogate

"The Dark Tower" (Shaftesbury)

DRAMATISTS George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott must, I think, have encountered one or two snags when constructing the plot of *The Dark Tower*. The first was: why should a blackguardly husband (believed to be dead), with hypnotic power, on making an unwelcome and unlooked-for return to his actress-wife, jeopardise her chance of making a big financial success on the stage by his treatment of her, when it is only her money he wants? With a daring which I cannot but commend, the authors themselves seize the nettle, and he is asked: "Why do you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs?"; and although I remember this poser being put, I cannot recall a satisfactory answer being given in reply.

THE second snag was how, later, to let the audience know the real identity of the murderer of this blackguardly husband when that loathsome sadist met his timely end before our eyes. This is achieved firstly by a manager, who dearly loves the actress, suspecting that his leading lady had done the dirty work herself, or possessed guilty knowledge, and having to be convinced that he was wrong before carrying on with the good work of making love to her; and, secondly, by the murderer re-assuming the disguise he had adopted, in order to prove the actress's innocence, though he risked his life on the gallows by doing so! And even if the wife *had* done in her husband, the manager needn't have been so peeved about it, considering that, earlier in the play, he had tried to do so himself!

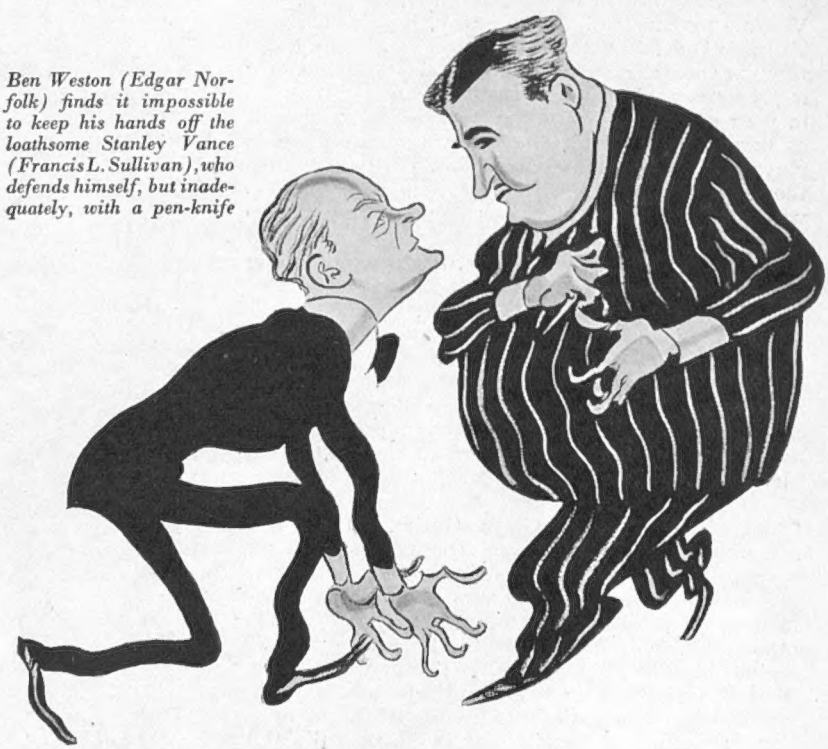
TO those, however, who take their playgoing lightly, such improbabilities may be lost in the humour and excitement of a play which, though no masterpiece, is good entertainment and possesses a cast which extracts from it every ounce of effect. Basil Sydney, as the heroine's actor-brother, puts up a fine performance in a theatrically effective part; Edna Best, as the heroine-wife, puts up a brave one in a part singularly ineffective; I compliment Francis L. Sullivan, as the villain husband, when I say that it was a treat to see his corpse chucked into a cupboard; Edgar Norfolk plays the manager with quiet tact; an old family servant is made much of by Winifred Oughton, and Martita Hunt shows once again that she is one of the best comedy actresses on the stage. I know no actress who sparkles so brilliantly.

By the way, Wilkie Collins, in the old days, invented a superb villain, in *The Woman in White*, called Count Fosco, who adored his caged birds. Can the authors have remembered this when they gave their villain his pet mice?

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

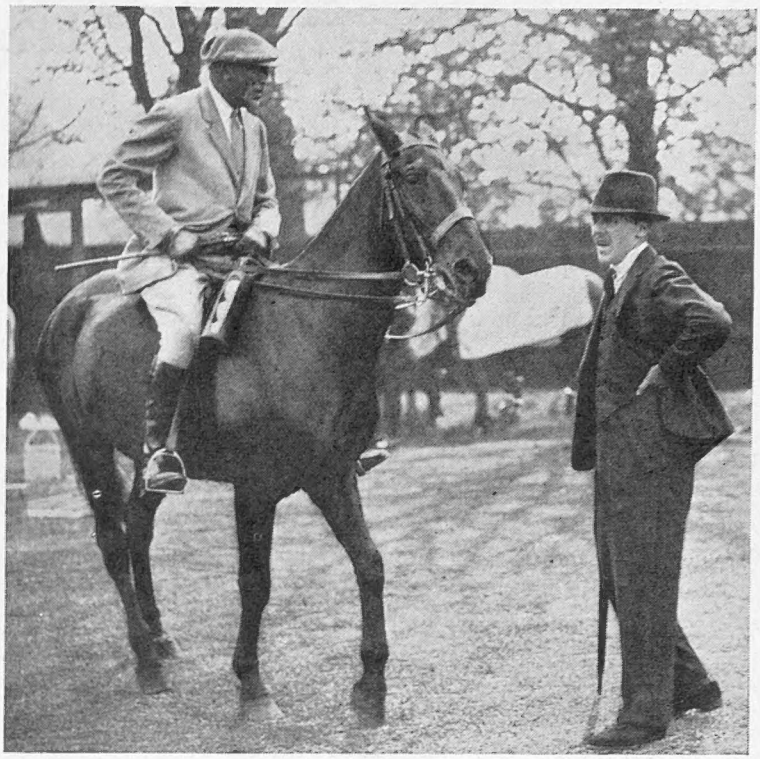
Hypnotism in the home: how to keep a wife (Edna Best) under control demonstrated by Stanley Vance (Francis L. Sullivan)

Ben Weston (Edgar Norfolk) finds it impossible to keep his hands off the loathsome Stanley Vance (Francis L. Sullivan), who defends himself, but inadequately, with a pen-knife



"The Dark Tower," at the Shaftesbury

Mrs. Frank Strawson, who played in the Hurlingham tennis tournament, was there for the finals, and watched polo as well

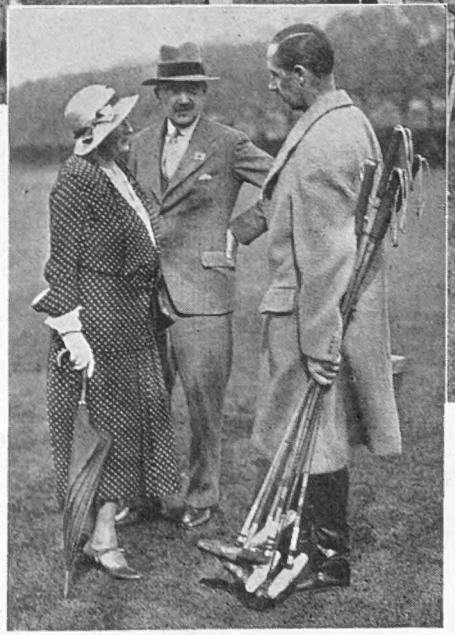


Captain F. A. Gill, one of the umpires at Hurlingham, talking to Lord Cowdray between chukkers. The match was between Major J. F. Harrison's team, the Knaves, and a Hurlingham side, who were beaten, after a close game, by 9 goals to 8½

Capt. G. E. Prior-Palmer, No. 3 for the Knaves, is decorated with the emblem of the team—a large heart

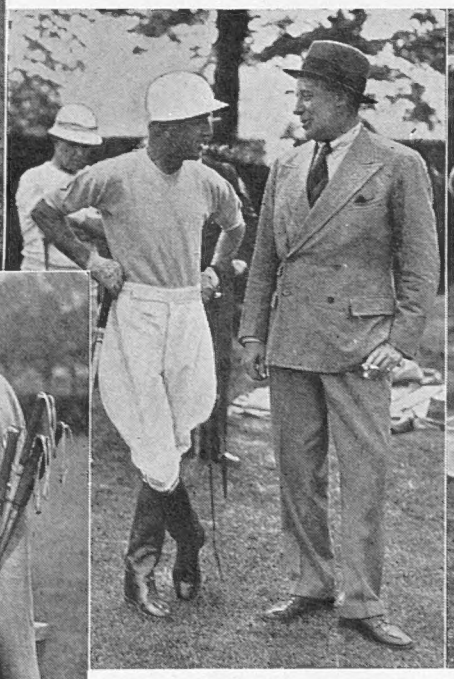
The Brave and the Fair

Polo Begins at Hurlingham



Above: Mrs. J. F. Harrison and two of her daughters, Mrs. A. W. Pilkington, whose husband played for the Knaves, and Miss Harrison

Right: Capt. and Mrs. Robin Fitz-Gerald talking to Capt. C. T. J. Roark, the Knaves' No. 2



Mr. L. L. Lacey, the Anglo-Argentine player, who played brilliantly as back for Hurlingham, and Lord Kimberley

Major S. C. Deed, No. 1 in the defeated Hurlingham side, with Mr. Thomason and Lady Zia Wernher at the end of the match

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By

"Big Ben"

How many of the great electorate, hurrying to work after their Whitsun holiday, cursing the return (in their hearts glad to be back in harness), will remember May 22nd, 1923? Will any of them realise the significance of to-day, or give a thought to the man whose day of glory it is?

Not so long ago we were homely, simple-minded people. We marked the passing of the seasons by the keeping of our traditional festivals; we hallowed the memory of our great men; we recalled great victories. We were less self-conscious; we wore the appropriate emblems and made merry and blessed our heroes.

Now we let pass October 21st with a few dingy decorations of laurel. June 1st is ignored altogether; April 19th is kept alive with difficulty. Are our modern Juggernauts to go unsung too? Machinery and sentiment are ill-matched. There is not much poetry in a sparking-plug.

Eleven years—very few in the life of a nation, but a good many in the life of a leader of a Party. Eleven years ago Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister for the first time. Is to-day his day—or would he prefer October 19th, the day of the Carlton Club meeting in 1922? An emblem? An inverted leek? A wallflower might do; they cultivate them in Worcestershire, but Mr. Baldwin has never asked for partners; he has always favoured the pas seul where his Party is concerned.

Rivals he has had, and over-ridden them all. When, at last, he can postpone a fight no longer, he fights with the gloves off (as he has said) and wins. He is his own worst enemy. Some years back he went to stay with Lord Exeter; Lord Burghley was a candidate then. Crowds came to welcome him. It was cold; they waited a long time. Finally, the great man appeared. Cheers. Would he speak—only a few words? Would he acknowledge his supporters' enthusiasm? He did, with a wave of the hand—nothing more. He was not seen again; he remained secluded, aloof. Fifty years ago, maybe, the right attitude for a leader, but in the second quarter of the twentieth century—no!

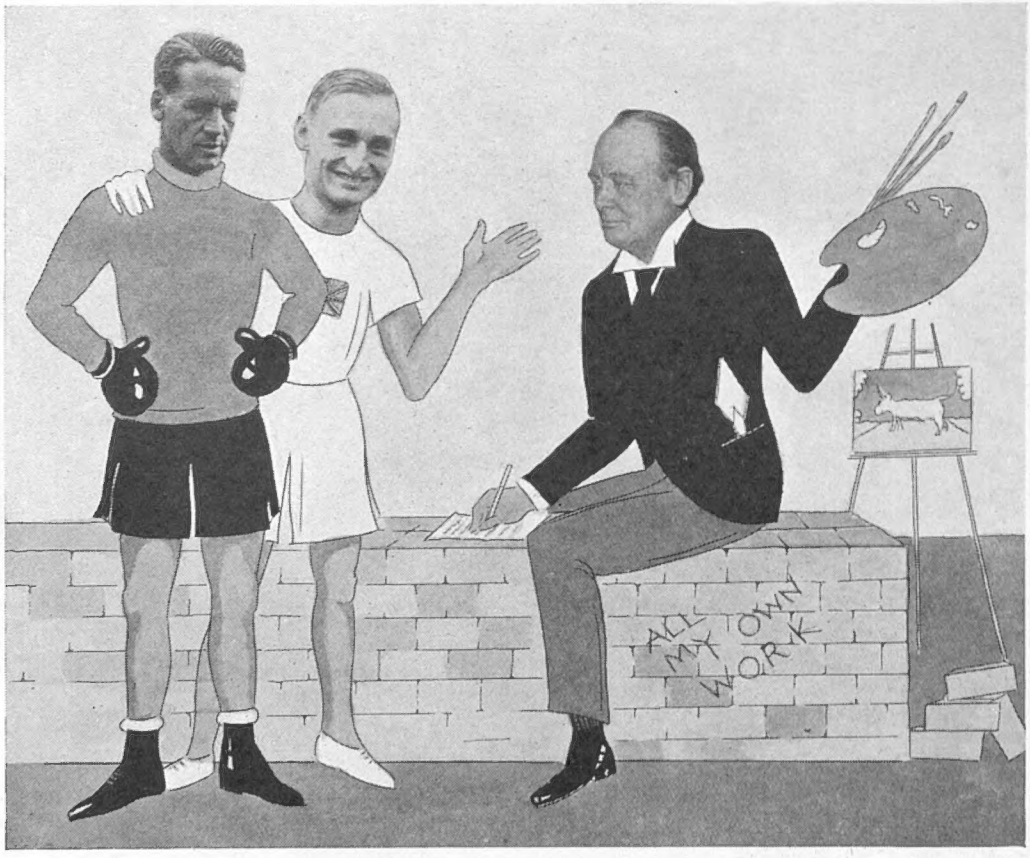
Lord Burghley is one of the young men who are handicapped through having made a reputation for themselves before entering the House of Commons. How he must wince as, at dinner after dinner, meeting after meeting, the chairman approaches the hurdle metaphor! He has a fine position, if he cares to use it, as chairman of the Junior Imperial League, the Tory organisation which looks after their young. If he has anything to say, he has a ready-made audience to listen to him. But has any young Member of the House anything to say beyond a platitudinous echo of his elders?

Lord Clydesdale is another. His brilliant feats in the air and in the ring overshadow his flights in Parliament. What a mistake he made when he tried to combine the two. After all, his constituents sent him to Westminster, not to Everest. Likewise, one is always expecting so much more from the author of *Mr. Standfast* than one gets. Mr. Winston Churchill remains the only really successful versatile figure in the Commons.

The House deserves the eleven days' recess. The Unemployment Insurance Bill—now, at last, done with—has exhausted most Members' patience, mental and physical. How those who have not bothered to follow the debates will ever understand what it is all about I cannot imagine. The simple answer is, of course, that they won't, and they won't try to. There have been some caustic remarks about the regular absentees from the House. Hardly surprising, and the divisions won't confine themselves to remarks. But, on the whole, there has been a fairly good muster in the Chamber since Easter. Most of us suffer from emptying the House far, far quicker than we can ever hope to fill it.

We had recently quite a spate of female oratory, including a splendid attack on the Socialists from Miss Irene Ward, of Wallsend. It will be a genuinely felt and expressed loss if she goes down at the next election before Miss Bondfield, but it will be a hard fight for her. Then the Duchess of Atholl had her usual say on Russian butter, in the middle of the Dominions Office vote—her pertinacity (I will call it that) is astonishing. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, in the same debate, apologised when he mentioned Russian butter; it has become the Duchess's perquisite. Miss Rathbone has sported her label of independence without, apparently, much difficulty.

I have met in the last few days quite a number of men prominent in the business world who have told me that they are sending donations to Sir Oswald Mosley as a precautionary insurance. I won't say what I think of them, but there is a descriptive term—blackleg; and they might remember the old game of double-cross. But when this stage is reached we are justified in asking if Sir John Gilmour is pursuing at the Home Office the same policy he pursued when he was Minister of Agriculture—the policy of sitting still and waiting for something seasonable to happen. It may work wonders for mangolds, but it isn't going to wash for the Blackshirts. "The gentle rain from Heaven" is not what they expect, understand, or deserve. Give them a dose of their own medicine.

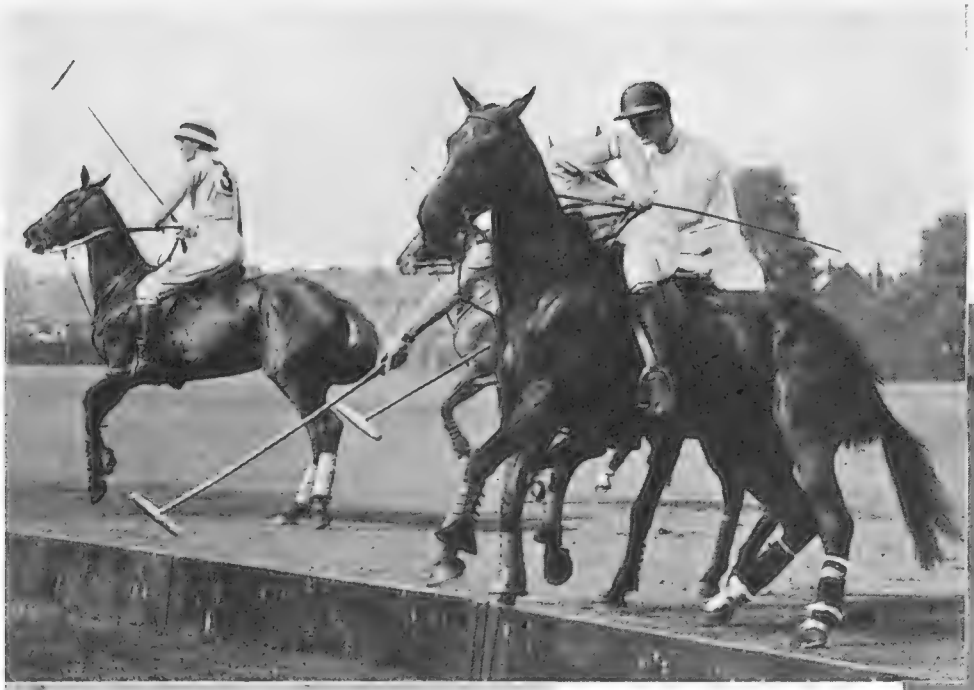


Sound Advice

Mr. Winston Churchill (to Lord Burghley and Lord Clydesdale): "If you want to be taken seriously in politics, you mustn't be famous in other walks of life, unless, of course, you're, ahem . . ."

Enjoying the Sunshine

Summer Sports Under Ideal Conditions



Above: a new team, the Knaves, captained by Major J. F. Harrison, in play against Hurlingham. They won by 9 goals to 8½

Right: Lord Pollington in play against C. E. Hare, the eventual winner at Harrogate

Below: the members of the Aurora (U.S.A.) polo team, who played an exhibition match against the home team at the Beaufort Polo Club, Malmesbury, Wilts. L. to r., Mr. S. H. Knox, Mr. W. Post, Mr. H. E. Talbot, and Mr. E. J. Boeseke, Jr.

Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the well-known dramatist, and author of "Journey's End," finds the sun so hot that he discards his coat when coaching the New College May Eights on the Isis tow-path

A Few Quick Hits

Made by our Special Artist at Lord's when M.C.C. were playing the Australians

C. V. Grimmett seen in slow motion

Don Bradman in serious mood and (right) W. H. Ponsford, who does not look quite so serious

W. A. Oldfield's quiet wicket-keeping

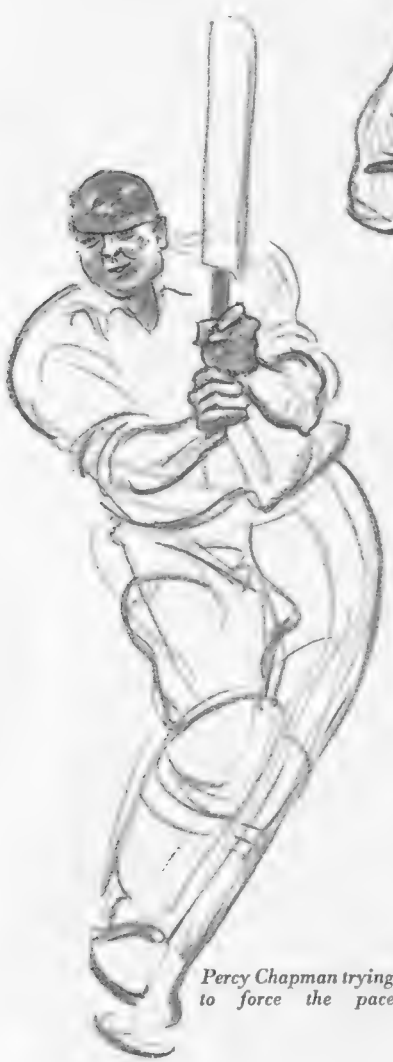
W. J. O'Reilly in action

L. O'B. Fleetwood-Smith, the only Australian with moustache

W. M. Woodfull, the Australian Captain

J. C. White, comes up from Zummerzet

I. A. R. Peebles in very thoughtful mood



Percy Chapman trying to force the pace

"Pat" Hendren the Magician

R. E. S. Wyatt bowled in attempting a big hit

Sir Michael Duff, Lady Juliet Duff, the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, and Mr. Cecil Beaton were four of the first-night audience

THERE are three reasons why the première of "The Scarlet Empress" should have drawn all the regular film first-nighters: because Marlene Dietrich is in the film, and she is always lovely; because the comparison between her Catherine of Russia and Elisabeth Bergner's must be made; and because the film itself is original, impressive, and brilliantly directed

They Went to See Marlene

"The Scarlet Empress" First Night at the Carlton

3

4

5

Other celebrities in the audience included (3) Count and Countess Aguilar and their daughter. (4) M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, and Mme. Maisky. (5) Tallulah Bankhead. (6) Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Ogden. (7) Miss Irene Mann-Thompson and her mother, Mrs. Violet FitzGerald. (8) Lady Castlerosse. (9) Thelma, Lady Furness, and Prince Aly Khan

6

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"Rapt"

Vital is the hero and Dita Parlo the heroine of "Rapt," a beautifully photographed and finely acted film of Swiss mountain life of which the world première showing is at the Curzon

"The Scarlet Empress"

MARLENE DIETRICH is the loveliest woman in the world. Against a background of macabre-rococo, which is von Sternberg's conception of the Russian Court of the eighteenth century, she stands out as the one thing of pure, unmassacred beauty. The over-elaboration, over-crowding and reiteration make this version of the Catherine of Russia theme almost nightmarish at times, full of sound and fury. . . .

But this is a Sternberg picture, and so every gargoyle, every piece of tortured statuary, even the grotesque, slightly obscene timepieces, have their significance and are cumulative in building up the effect he intends to produce—a sort of swollen decadence, the decorative efflorescence expressive of the physical and mental taint of that doomed dynasty. The whole picture suffers from over-emphasis, but Russia and the Russians invite exaggeration, and, since austerity is not one of von Sternberg's virtues, it must be accepted as what it is, the greatest collection ever made of properties and gorgeous uniforms and costumes, and a setting in which Marlene looks more beautiful than she has ever looked, moves exquisitely, and poses, trance-like, for enthralled photography.

As the young German Princess Marlene Dietrich is quite astoundingly youthful, naïve and fresh. Neither she nor von Sternberg wastes much effort in developing the character of the girl, tragically married to an impotent imbecile, from virginal disillusionment to libertinism, ambition and ruthlessness. They are content to let her coiffures and her costumes mark the changes.

The Peter of Mr. Sam Jaffe seemed almost too imbecile in the earlier scenes, becoming definitely more sane in the process of time: a contradiction of historical and pathological fact. The soldier lovers are surely unnecessarily hirsute, but John Lodge, as Count Alexei, the nearest approach to a hero in the film, is an impressive figure. Louise Dresser, as the Empress Elizabeth, is good, especially in her more irascible moments, but the American accents of these members of the cast seem dreadfully inappropriate.

"Rapt"

ONCE more the Marquis de Casa-Maury has found an exceptional picture for his exceptional theatre, the Curzon. *Rapt* is the only talking-picture that has been made in Switzerland. It is founded on a novel by Ramuz called *La Separation des Races*. Excellent photography does full justice to the really beautiful mountain scenery, and though the method seems slow at times, and the technique rather reminiscent of silent film-making, there is force and sincerity in the direction and acting which gives the development of the story the inevitability of great tragedy.

Lucas Gridoux has an interesting and expressive face, and he handles his difficult, inarticulate part with mastery. He is the man from across the mountains, attracted by the fair, minx-like girl whom he sees in the arms of another man. His dog chases a kid, and is killed by a stone hurled by the girl's lover. Partly for revenge and partly from lust, he hurls himself upon the girl, when he meets her on the mountain-side at night. Then he carries her unconscious body down to a hut, where his horse is tethered, binds her on its back, makes off across the mountains and brings her to his mother's house. There he imprisons her in a bedroom and puts a bar across the door.

The snows cut off all possibility of communication between the two villages. The strange girl's ostracism, the hatred of the man's mother, a village idiot's important part in the final tragedy, the man's growing passion, and the girl's dissimulation, in order to revenge herself and escape, are all faithfully and interestingly developed. The part of a one-legged hawker, who is the only link between the girl and her own people, is magnificently played by big-voiced Auguste Boverio. Jeanne-Marie-Laurent, as the girl Elsi, is perhaps the least convincing character.

"The Trumpet Blows"

IT was inevitable that the Valentinoesque George Raft should eventually be given the part of a bull-fighter.

Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a now respectable ex-bandit who has sent his beloved younger brother to an American college so that he shall not grow up under the influence of an old bull-fighter and become a matador. His efforts are wasted, as, on his return, the young man reverts to his early passion for the bull-ring. He also makes love to the girl the older brother is about to propose to, and on discovering that he has inadvertently betrayed him, runs away and becomes a famous bull-fighter. This is strange, since he is gored every time he enters the ring! The obvious "doubling" in the bull-ring scenes makes them unconvincing. Raft has none of his "tough stuff" to do, and does not make much of the material provided, and Menjou is not well cast. Frances Drake is vivacious and alluring.

"Pêcheur d'Islande"

Yet another "man against Nature" film is at the Academy. Gaud, the Breton fisherman of Pierre Loti's masterpiece, is played by Thomy Bourdelle, and Yann, his wife, by Marguerite Weintenberger. The setting is Paimpol, the village in Brittany where Loti actually wrote his famous and tragic story

Film Faces in Caricature

Right: a somewhat Jessie Matthews-ish impression is given by Gitano's drawing of Anna Sten, the new Hollywood Russian star, who had her first big break in "Lady of the Boulevards"

Below, right: this is how Wallace Beery looks in "Viva Villa!" his film at the Empire. He does a fine bit of acting as the wild, cruel, romantic rebel of a hero in this story of Mexican banditry and revolution. The drawing, as are the others on the page, is by Gitano

Below: Joan Crawford is, with the possible exception of Greta Garbo, the most caricatured of film-stars. Most of the artists are cruel to her, but then she herself has always over-emphasised the make-up on her mouth. And publicity is always publicity to an ambitious film-star

Anna Sten

Joan Crawford

Wallace Beery

"I Play Scornful Parts"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Cricket Teams: No. 2

OUR second cricket eleven, chosen from famous first-class cricketers, past and present, has now been selected. It is a team of Beauty and Light, an eleven of angels, in fact, and they are put up against the fearful crew of cads that we placed in the field last week, beginning, you will remember, with Flint, Steel, Gunn, Gunn, Gunn. The new side will be captained, as we prognosticated last week, by Lillywhite.

Then come our opening pair of beautiful batsmen—Mead (Hants), Flowers (Notts).

And after them, as a subtle response to the brutal challenge of the triple Gunns—W. G. Grace, E. M. Grace, G. F. Grace.

Then come those two faëry figures—Farrimond (Lancs), and Fairservice (Kent).

And we wind up our eleven with—Peach (Surrey), Verity (Yorks), and lastly, the player whose name gives the keynote to the side—Blythe (Kent).

Their legal adviser is J. C. White (Somerset) and their favourite day for a cricket match is Valentine's Day (both of Kent). Their favourite flower is the Lilley (Warwick).

Dignity in Westminster

THE City Fathers of this ancient borough are all for dignity, and quite right, too. They have our weighty support when their Baths Committee decided, as it did last week, that the term "Public baths and wash-houses" is undignified, and ought to be substituted by "Swimming-pools, private baths, and laundries." But what about the Baths Committee itself? Dignity ought to begin at home. We suggest that its name be altered to the Ablutions, Manicure, and Permanent Waving Committee.

Trumped Again, by Gad, Sir!

THERE is no keeping pace in the funny world with the German boys. They are so brimful of mirth-provoking notions, so bubbling over with whimsical fun, that they haul ahead of us every time. We produce Mr. John Tilley; they reply with the Reichstag Trial. Fifteen-love to them. We produce a smasher in the new B.B.C. building. They smash it back by taking an eastern swastika, turning it the wrong way round by mistake, and calling it a western swastika. Thirty-love, Prussia leading.

In despair, we send an urgent whip-round to all our older Academicians to pull their full weight this year at Burlington House. Right gallantly did they respond. The walls are ankle-deep, so to speak, in magnificently comic stuff. Some of those old fellows gave us the best laugh we've had for years. But the Prussian wags were ready once again. They have gone straight to forty-love, with an eighteen-foot statue of a woman, in pink stone, in the middle of the Arnswalderplatz, in Berlin, clasping a gigantic, pale-pink baby to her bosom. And, as if that wasn't enough, they won the final point of the game by adding to the already glorious group the figure of a medium-sized pale-pink bull. Come on, boys, let's chuck it. We can't compete.

Now, Then, Sir Kingsley!

FROM Prague comes news of a scheme that our G.P.O. ought to follow up. The thoughtful Czech has noticed, after years of pondering, that though lots of people despatch gay and jolly telegrams, no one ever expects to receive a gay and jolly telegram. A hearty fellow may spend a whole afternoon bunging off hilarious wires to his friends, but if the orange envelope comes flitting up his own Avenue, his knees quail and he goes pale green round the top of his collar. This has now been remedied, and for the payment of an extra sixpence, the sender can ensure that his telegram is delivered in "an elegant and decorative copybook hand, on ornamental paper," and enclosed in a "tastefully designed envelope." Three kinds of envelopes have so far been arranged, for announcing engagements, births, marriages. Sir Kingsley ought to be able to do better than that. For example, a special envelope should be designed to mean "You have drawn the favourite in the Calcutta Sweep"; another for "Your photograph, making you look almost human, has appeared in THE BYSTANDER"; another for "Will you dine and do a play tonight?" with a special scroll in the corner meaning "The Ritz-Carlton

"Funny, old boy. I feel in a reminiscent mood—but I can't remember a blasted thing"

and a box," or, alternatively, a token of modified rapture meaning "One of those little Soho places and dress circle, not dressing." But there are endless possibilities. Mr. Walter Elliot might weigh in with some snappy little designs for announcing that the Jersey long-horn has given birth to triplets, or whatever it is they do.

Notes for Sportsmen

WE have been written to, telephoned to, and telegraphed to so many times during the last few days by wildly enthusiastic cricketers who want to know exactly what sort of ball it was that bowled Mr. Bradman in one of his recent matches, that we have decided to print the description of it in full. In doing this we are not in the least original, for every daily and evening newspaper in the land has been doing it for weeks, every time the great man hears the fatal rattle behind him.

The facts in this particular case are as follows. The bowler, fast right-hand, with a double swerve, made up his mind to let loose a regular rasper upon the Australian crack. Unfortunately, he let it loose a little too late, and the ball hit the ground almost immediately in front of the bowler. It leapt into the air once or twice, then seemed to steady itself for a few bounces, and then suddenly started breaking alternately from the leg and the off in a most extraordinary way. On the eleventh bounce it came back a full inch from the off, and on the twelfth it definitely went with the bowler's arm from the leg; on the eighteenth it straightened, and then—fizz!—on the nineteenth it came across like a flash while Mr. Bradman was not looking, and hit the bottom of the leg-stump.

Puppetry

THE Austrian marionettes at the Austrian Exhibition are the greatest fun. We have always enjoyed the puppets, and, indeed, we have seen puppet-shows at places as far apart as Moscow, Palermo, and the back of the Tottenham Court Road. But Professor Teschner has a new dodge on us, for he works his dolls from below with rods, instead of by the usual strings. And he gets some capital animal effects. For instance, there is an enchanting dragon which lays out the would-be dragon-killer and then fills in the time picking its teeth with its hind leg.

"Canon—you're fired!"

THESPÆANS

No. 34.—Miss Violet Loraine

(To the tune of "If You Were the Only Girl in the World.")

SOMETIMES, scat singers' yowlings
Make life seem blue,
That 's when I think I 'd fancy
A song from you—
Something to take me back to
Days gone by,
When Subs. at the Alhambra
Cheered their Vi.

For you were the only girl in the world
To team up with two Bing Boys;
Nothing seemed to matter in the world the day
That we heard you singing in your charming way,
Then Humour and Pathos both played their part
In filling our hearts with joy;
How we cheered the whole of the evening through,
How we encored Alfred and George and you,
When you were the only girl in the world
To team up with two Bing Boys!

War days are dead and done with,
But you can still
Employ your many talents
Our hearts to thrill.
And though you seldom grace the
Stage or Screen,
We still delight to honour
The Bing Boys' queen.

For you were the only girl in the world,
etc. B. W.

High Tragedy and Great Men

THERE is a complete Athenian drama in Mr. Harold Nicholson's third book of diplomatic history, of which Lord Curzon is the hero. Lord Curzon as a young man had held before his eyes a triple crown—Viceroy, Foreign Secretary, Prime Minister. The first two he achieved. The third came within one-eighth of an inch of his grasp, and yet escaped him, and he burst into tears. And within an hour or two he was writing a gay and sincere letter of congratulation to Baldwin. George Curzon may have been a superior person, but he was cast in the classic mould.

City Slogans

A COMPETITION for slogans for the National Playing Fields Association has been started, and we are all in favour of it. But what is being done for the poor boys in the City who toil away so hard and with so little encouragement? Why should they also not have their slogans? By heavens, the little pets shall have their slogans! We will run a competition at once.

Choose your favourite among these ten slogans and post it to us at once, together with an application for a good block of our third debentures and a cheque for the full amount. The winner gets a

Crockford's Clerical Directory, a Widows and Orphans List for 1933, and a free Financiers' Circular visa (stamped for all countries with which Britain has not an Extradition Treaty).

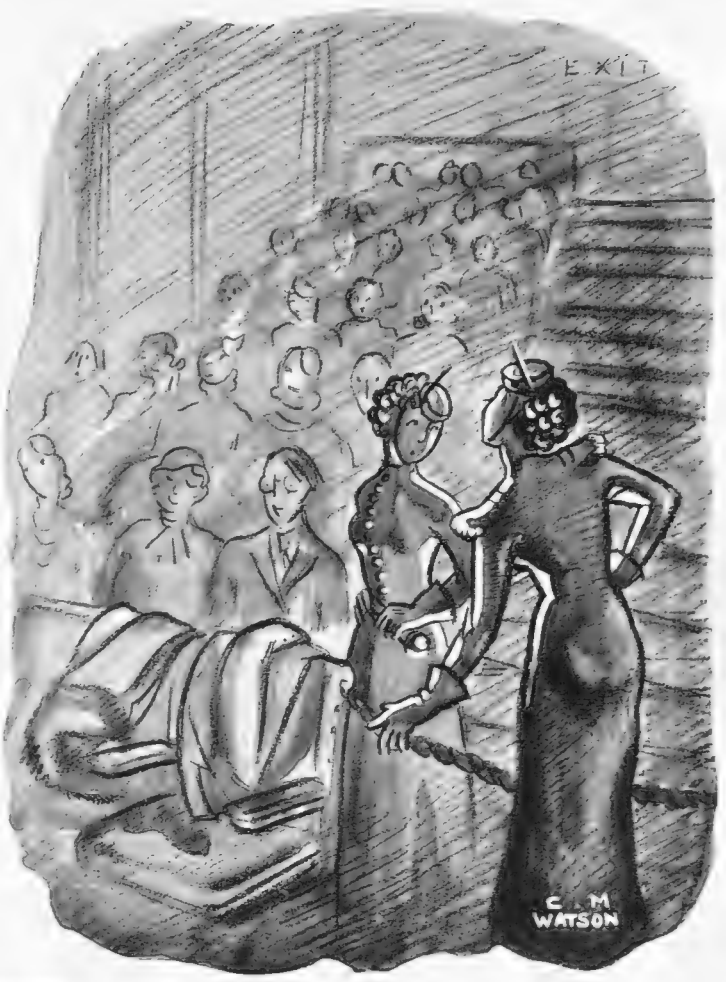
The Slogans

(1) One "touch" makes the whole City kin. (2) When every prospectus pleases, And only the Public Prosecutor is vile. (3) Broad Street—or Broad Arrow. Which? (4) Busy for hours—healthy for years (with time off for good conduct). (5) Gold bricks can be made without straw in the hair. (6) On the moors—out of mischief. (7) A kind heart is worth a gold-mine (or, at any rate, not less). (8) Be good, sweet financier, and let who will, etc., etc. (9) Bring thy crook, fair sir (Shakespeare). (10) A ramp, a ramp, my overdraft for a ramp!

A Modern Ko-ko

THE post of State executioner to the Kingdom of Hungary is vacant. The last office-holder was convicted of some crime or other twenty years ago, and has been executioner ever since. Thus do history and nature follow art, as usual. For it was nearly fifty years ago that the immortal Ko-ko was "taken from a county jail" by such a set of curious chances, liberated then on bail (on his own recognisances), and appointed Lord High Executioner of Titipu. But there! We are wandering; we foolish old men. No one goes to *The Mikado* nowadays, except bald, toothless fogies like us. No one of the modern generation cares for such hackneyed stuff, nor could repeat "And so we straight let out on bail a convict from the county jail, whose head was next, on some pretext, condemnéd to be mown off, and made him headsman, for, we said, who 's next to be decapited, cannot cut off another's head until he 's cut his own off."

Run away, children, and let grandpapa nod a little while by the fire. He is not so young as he once was.



"Miss Twit, will you please tell your one-and-sixpennies not to put their coats on my two-shillingses"

"Somehow, Edward, I can't seem to concentrate like I used to"

Old Weather Forecast

IF the oak before the ash
Rubber shares are sure to crash.
If the ash before the oak
Punch may even print a joke.
If the thorn before the may
Cast a mass of clouts away.
But if the beech before the thorn
Don't go shooting with the Quorn.
With a wow yi tiddlety, etc.

A Social Menace

WE were taken the other evening to Guest Night at the Detection Club, and there we saw all the colossi of the crime-fiction world. Very charming they all were, too, and most delightful hosts. But we felt uneasy all the time. After all, the place was practically the Dons' Common Room of a Crime University. They were all experts in the construction of cast-iron alibis. Furthermore, they were all wizards at slipping poison through ventilators, and planting knives in the smalls of other people's backs. Just imagine what will happen when gentlemen who want to inherit a packet from the dear old uncle start offering Miss Dorothy Sayers, or Mr. Milward Kennedy, a sum of money down and a percentage of the cash haul in return for a cast-iron scheme by which the poor old fish can be turned off and Scotland Yard completely baffled. It won't be safe to make a will at all very soon, and then, of course, they 'll open a will-forging branch of their nefarious industry, so that won't be any good, either. At the dinner the other night we wished that we had had the nerve to steal something from the Club, the fish-knives, for instance, as the great Flambeau did in the Father Brown stories. But our nerve failed us. There were too many lynx-eyed sleuths about.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Plums from the Palace

Scenes and Sketches from "Why Not To-Night?"

Left: Florence Desmond as a music-hall principal boy of the 'eighties, with accentuated hips and tones of superb gentility, laments in song the fate of an old man's darling. Nelson Keys is the old-time red-nosed comedian who sings of the seaside and seaweed and the weather forecasts obtainable from the latter. Below: Gina Malo, Nelson Keys, and Florence Desmond, high-brow Chelsea-ites, Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert by name, admit in song that, compared with Mickey Mouse, Botticelli, Shaw, and Aldous Huxley leave them cold. In circle, below: Nelson Keys in another character impersonation, as Granny, unable to answer with physiological exactitude the posers concerning the "facts of life" put to her by Florence Desmond as the child who knew more than Granny thought

"Old-Time Variety"

Simple Granny and Sophisticated Child

Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert

Loretta Young

"The House of Rothschild"

A Great Part for George Arliss

"The House of Rothschild," in which George Arliss plays the parts of Mayer Rothschild, and one of his five sons, Nathan Rothschild, is a great film, and a triumph for Arliss himself. It has had a record-breaking run in New York, and goes to the Tivoli on the 24th, when the proceeds of the première will be given to the Personal Service League and the Fund for German-Jewish Women and Children. George Arliss is now over here and is to make his first English film for Gaumont-British. Loretta Young appears in the film, as does Mrs. George Arliss

Lady Joan Bridgeman, the Hon. Patricia Berry and Lady Gloria Vaughan

This very good-looking trio were all maids of honour at the Appeal Party for the South London Hospital; their names appear on most of the charity ball junior committees. Lady Camrose is giving a dance in Ascot week for her daughter, the Hon. Patricia Berry, at Barrow Hills, her Surrey house

The Debs at Work

Committees and Appeals are Part of the Season

Miss Elizabeth Bevan, Miss Susan Henderson and Lady Jane Fitzroy

There's no doubt that there are more attractive débutantes making their curtsies at Court this year than there have been for some time. The three on the right, who were also maids of honour at the Appeal Party, come pretty near the top of the list, and are as hard-working as any. The Hon. Mrs. Alec Henderson's dance for Miss Susan Henderson takes place to-morrow night at 41, Grosvenor Square

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

Swaebe

Mr. J. Scott, Lady Fiona Fuller, Sir Gerard Fuller, Captain and Mrs. T. A. Fairburn, and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan at the opening of the Pavilion River Club at Datchet, which suitably was timed for the first spell of real summer weather

"The Bystander" in Society

THE first and second Courts were the high-lights in the calendar of the débutantes last week. Be-plumed and be-feathered, demurely dressed in white, they certainly looked their best as they wheeled round and round the Park, waiting for their turn to go into the Palace. For the hard-hearted Lord Chamberlain will not allow the cars to be parked in the Mall, and it *is* so difficult to play one's game of bridge if the car is not stationary. After the presentation to Their Majesties comes the visit to the photographers, who, somehow or other, manage to keep their tempers, for by this time those of the débutantes are very much frayed.

I SAW a picture of one hundred and forty-five of them all together the other day: it looked rather like a party of Dr. Barnardo's children sallying forth for a picnic. However, from that group one can mark down a nice dozen to follow: let us hope one or two of them will come up before the season ends, though, owing to the extremely youthful age at which they now come out (sixteens and seventeens), they rarely get engaged in their first season, but prefer a run in the "smartest ex-deb" stakes first. Here is the list; the order signifies nothing: Lady Patricia Mackay, Lady Gloria Vaughan, Miss Charmian Fane, Miss Vivienne Parker, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Miss Pamela Blake, Miss Susan Bligh, Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, Miss Virginia Barnato, Lady Anne Bentinck, Miss Patricia Berry, and Miss Averil Loyd.

Miss Phœbe Norton-Griffiths, looking very summery in her printed check taffeta dress, was photographed in the garden of her mother's house in Evelyn Gardens. She is Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths' youngest sister

The Duke of Gloucester, whose regiment, the 10th Royal Hussars, is stationed at Tidworth, and Mrs. Alastair Macintyre at the Horse Show Ball at the Tidworth Officers' Club. Mrs. Macintyre was responsible for most of the organising of the Ball

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston and her sister, Miss Geneviève Kenny, were an attractive-looking couple at Mrs. Walter Dunkels' cocktail-party

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The lovely Miss Toto Koopman, who knows the last stitch and tuck about clothes and the wearing of them, had on a cape of red fox at Mrs. Sidney Emanuel's cocktail-party. She is with Lord Elveden

Miss Peggy Johnson, was on the Committee of the "Old Gaiety Days" Ball, which took place at the Savoy last week

COVENT GARDEN has been giving us of its very best, including a fine performance of *Schwanda*, though it is rather on the light side for many opera-goers, with its Czech tunes and Teutonic humour; Charles Kullmann, who sang the tenor part very well, is a young American of whom much is expected. Lily Pons, who should be in my list of débutantes, so young and attractive is she, came in time for the second Act with Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, whom one can term the American Lady Cunard. They had been to the Gala Performance at the Albert Hall, when the King and Queen were present. Mr. Ben Rubestein had certainly collected a magnificent lot of flowers from his nurseries for his wife (Conchita Supervia), who was singing.

That crush-room is still so aptly named at the Garden that many seek a drink in the interval outside, at the Nag's Head. But Lady Dashwood, who was with Mr. Francis Toye, was certainly not a visitor to this inn, nor were Miss Peggy Gordon Moore (murmuring motifs to herself), Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, back from Sestrières, with her leg mended at last, or Lord Howard de Walden. Lord Scarsdale was being congratulated on the recovery to health of his wife, who was in the audience; Mr. Simon Marks was his usual cheerful self again, all traces now gone of that recalcitrant crumb. Let us hope that Lily Pons will come back to sing again soon: apart from her attraction, she is a wonderful coloratura singer, and fully deserves her big reputation, gained at the Metropolitan, New York. Every soprano in England must have been at the Albert Hall to hear her: I noticed Ivor Novello, too, also the King and Queen of Siam.

MAYFAIR spent the early part of last week mobilising itself for a massed attack upon Le Touquet. Next week I shall hope to tell you all sorts of nice little bits of news. For I have arranged to be disguised in the early mornings as a floor-waiter (at a different hotel each day); at mid-day, if fine, I shall be in the Piscine, in the garb of a large, green, india-rubber frog; in the afternoons on the golf course, as a caddie; and at night, in the Casino, as a croupier. Sir James and Lady Dunn flew over to Ireland for the holiday in one of their own air-line's machines, "Olley," named after the famous pilot. Flocks of red-haired Naismith sisters acted as air-hostesses on the "Banco" line to Le Touquet, Lord Beaverbrook was sighted in Paris with a number of Gay Guinnesses—and Barbara Cartland has written another novel.

THE town of Warwick rejoiced and rang bells over the birth of an heir to Lord and Lady Warwick (the Sussex Rose). She has not been seen in London very much lately, and has been taking up the position of a local luminary in

Lady Diana Gibb in the tartan dress which she was wearing at the Embassy the other night

Lady "Patsy" Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter, and one of this year's debs, was at the Southern Command Horse Show

Baroness de Stempel, Mrs. Walter Dunkels' daughter, was at her mother's cocktail-party, with a brief veil worn, as the fashion is, from the brim of her shallow-crowned hat

the County of Warwick, and is much envied by several of her unmarried contemporaries. Congratulations also to Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith on winning the Kempton Jubilee. He is a great supporter of racing, which was a fact not appreciated by the Newbury executive, I gather. They make very little provision for owners to see their horses run. His brother, Walter, is one of the heads of Fortnum and Mason, and, besides that, they have their big decorating business in Soho Square, and a lovely house at Maidenhead.

THERE was a large crowd to see the first night of the Gaumont-British film *Wild Boy*. It is all about a greyhound, and those who saw him have a forty-mile trial run behind a Bugatti before winning the Derby included Mr. Drogo Montagu, Mrs. Janet Campbell, Lady Kimberley, Mrs. Colclough, Miss Celia Palmer (to be married in September, do we understand ?), Miss Ursula Serocold, and Mr. Percy Chapman. Which reminds us that the Australians have been to Lord's, where Messrs. "Gerry" Weigall and "Archie" MacLaren daily compete for the talking championship of M.C.C. So far, it is a draw.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

THAT attractive person, the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, has once again arrived in England for one of her all-too-short visits. She is quite one of the most Westernised of Eastern Princesses, but is wise enough never to wear anything but her Eastern costumes. She was seen the other night looking quite lovely in a silvery sari bordered with pink—a distinctive figure even on a crowded ball-room floor. She 's got a lovely house in Calcutta, where she gives marvellous "whoopee" parties at Christmas-time, as well as her palace at Behar, which was redecorated in very modern style a few years ago by Mr. Alistair Maynard in his spare moments, when he was an A.D.C. to the Governor of Bengal. He designed the furniture as well, and it does him credit, although its modernism may not appeal to everybody.

NEWS has come to our ears from Tidworth, where the Southern Command have just held their annual Horse Show on the two hottest days in May. Some said too hot, and mopped furiously, but the majority enjoyed it. All the military world and their wives, if they possessed them, and their girl-friends if they didn't, turned up, and there was a lot of youth and beauty about. Among the best-looking was Mrs. Phil Cripps, who had come over with Captain Maurice Kingscote. Talking of him reminds us of polo, and talking of polo—two of the American polo team, and what we think were their attractive wives, came over from Norton to the show. Mr. Post and Mr. Knox (sounds like Nervo and Knox) had every kind of camera and ciné-kodak with them, and were terribly enthusiastic about everything. They couldn't have chosen a better place to learn about English military life.

OWING to the heat, summer clothes made their first public appearance, and the ice-cream man was kept on the hop. That good-looking Miss Ann Livingstone-Learmonth and her sister were both there and well surrounded by gallant young cavalry officers. Their cousin, Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, must be stronger than she looks, as apparently she was dancing till all hours in London and left at 6 a.m. to ride her brother-in-law's horse in the Show. She always looks as if a puff of wind would knock her out.

Another good-looker was Mrs. Julian Liddell, in brown and white and minus husband, who is probably at sea. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who is almost a "local," brought her sister, Lady Hunloke, with her, and Lady Sophie Scott. Lady Hunloke had a hot and not-to-be-envied job for such a day. She was judging hacks and hunters with Mrs. Archer-Houblon, and they leapt from horse to horse, trying to make up their minds who was to be the winner. Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper was among the competitors in the heavy-weight class ; she looked quite small on top of her vast quadruped. She had Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Ashley with her. The latter was seen talking to Mrs. Otto Lund, who looked extremely hot in navy blue and a thick béret.

THE Polo or Horse Show Ball, or whatever it was called, was a riot of fun, and took place at the Club. Every married couple for miles round "harboured" women for the gay bachelors, and their houses were packed to overflowing. Miss Nan McGowan was at her best in white with ostrich-feather cape, and Lady Margaret Drummond Hay was looking as attractive as ever. Being a night as hot as any in mid-summer, the garden had its uses for those seeking seclusion—and darkness—and as a result the congestion inside was not as bad as it might have been.

LORD ANTRIM is now married to his bride, Miss Angela Sykes, sister of Sir Richard Sykes, who owns that lovely and well-known place, Sledmere, in Yorkshire. When they return from their honeymoon they are going to live near Regent's Park. The house they have taken has got a studio, which is essential for Lady Antrim, as she is an exceedingly good sculptress, and has no intention of giving it up just because she 's a married woman with the cares of the world on her shoulders. At the early age of seventeen she had some of her work accepted for the Royal Academy.

MRS. PEEPS

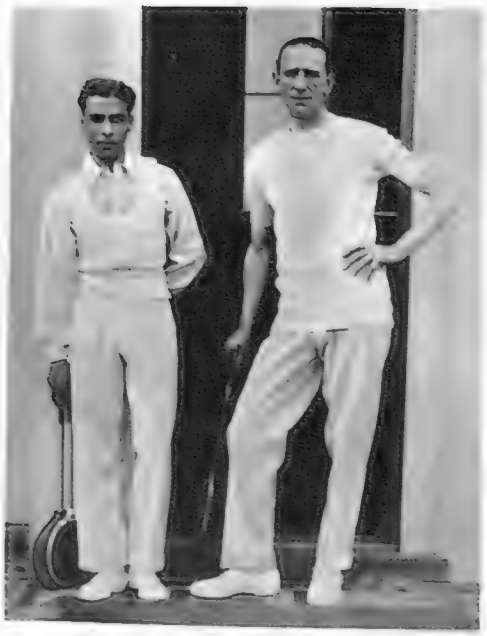
A Mystic in the Mountains

Faith is Rewarded by Love : Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Bellamy

Trigger, "Child of Nature" and Faith-Healer

Katharine Hepburn Go
Rustic and Religious
"Spitfire"

KATHARINE HEPBURN is the first vi
the "back-to-nature" epidemic
spread to Hollywood. In *Spitfire* s
waif of the mountains, whose my
finds expression in the religion of trac
texts, and whose attempts at faith-h
bring her into conflict with her supers
peasant neighbours. Sincere and inte
actress as she is, in this part s
unconvincing. Let Hollywood be blam
allowing this variation on a theme alre
excellently handled in Europe to fall
sentimentality and inconsistency tha
even Katharine Hepburn can ov



F. D. Amr Bey, the Amateur Champion, and Oak Johnson, who played an exhibition game at the opening of the new squash courts at the R.A.C. Country Club

The American Walker Cup team were the guests of Sir Adrian Baillie, at Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, after their victory in the Walker Cup match, and the picture above shows Chandler Egan (U.S.A.) driving from the eighth tee in the grounds. A number of famous golfers, including Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch, were invited to partner the American guests

SPORTFOLIO

Above: Miss Mary Hardwick, Mrs. Pittman, Miss Mary Heeley, and Miss Freda James, trial players for the Wightman Cup. These trials were held at Wimbledon on hard courts, though the matches will be played on grass

Left: A. R. Maxwell-Hyslop and H. W. Lister practising at Oxford for the 'Varsity sports match against the A.A.A.

Miss Pam Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey) driving from the tenth in her match with Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, Champion of France, seen seated. Miss Barton, who, with her sister, was the winner of the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, was the winner of this fine second-round match, and went on to beat Miss Barron by no less than 8 and 6 in the third round

Rutland Hall, the Home of Athletics

To repair England's inefficiency in field events and increase her power in those on the track, a course of athletics is being held, under the auspices of the A.A.A., in the Summer School at Loughborough College, Leicester, where well-known athletes are to act as tutors. Rutland Hall, seen above, will be used to house the pupils. Left: Participants in the scheme: l. to r., Herbert Schofield Principal of the College; B. G. D. Rudd, the famous runner; Captain F. A. M. Webster, J. W. Bridgeman, Head of the Summer School; and D. Lyons, A.A.A., Chairman Field Events Committee

Well Over!

Left: N. G. Williams (Sandhurst) tieing for first place at 5 ft. 7 in. in the triangular sports contest between the R.M.A., Woolwich, R.M.C., Sandhurst, and R.A.F., Cranwell

Right: Miss M. Ricketts, the Champion of the Argentine, playing in the Hard Court Lawn Tennis Tournament held at West Kensington against Miss M. Riddell, who beat her by 7—5, 7—5 in the first round

Lady Ainsworth, Captain Miles Thompson, and Mrs. Kimble at the second Spring meeting at Stratford-on-Avon

Another Stratford-on-Avon photograph, of Mrs. Pugh talking to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Jackson in the paddock

Mrs. Euan Wallace and Lady Patricia Ward walking round together at Kempton in the summer sunshine of Jubilee Day

A Racing Reverie

A Royal Jubilee

By "Regular"

IF The Blue Boy's neck had been a little bit longer, and Cotoneaster's a little bit shorter, all the really smart people would have won enough money to take them to the Café de Paris on Wednesday and the Embassy on Thursday for weeks and weeks and weeks.

SIR WYNDHAM PORTAL has a vast number of friends of both sexes, and as far as racing is concerned his heart is worn on the sleeve of his bright blue suit. Unlike many people I know, it would not give Sir Wyndham the slightest pleasure to win a race unless all his friends were on it, and for weeks now he has told them to back The Blue Boy for the Jubilee.

TELL the world at racing, and you will get a good price for your money; behave as if you alone knew where the body was buried, and you will get 6 to 4. There wasn't a house or a flat in Mayfair where the occupants didn't know that The Blue Boy was fancied, and yet I have never seen a horse easier to back.

WHEN I arrived on the course Jim Santry put his head on one side and gave me that "Take-pity-on-a-poor-old-gentleman" look of his, and offered me nines. I took pity. Mrs. Vernet strongly advised the Mem to take S.P., and The Blue Boy started at 100 to 9.

YES; if The Blue Boy's neck had been longer, the restaurateurs would have, in the words of Quaglino, "been very 'appy," though I suppose a number of people with insufficient sense to come in out of the rain would have done the lot in at Le Touquet.

RACING has never been more popular than it is at the moment, and Kempton people, who have spent so much money to set their house in order, reaped their just reward and packed up a parcel on the two days.

EVEN the jumping people, who consider racing minus obstacles an effeminate pastime, turned up in force, and it was a real pleasure to welcome Lady Sibell Lygon back to the ranks of flat racing. Lady Sibell is (if one may use the expression with regard to a spinster) quite wedded to National Hunt sport these days, and her tall, queenly figure lends distinction to many a humble meeting. On the following Monday she rose at 6.30 a.m. in order to be in time for the first race at Uttoxeter.

MR. THORNTON SMITH, the owner of Cotoneaster, is certainly one of fortune's favourites. This amazing mare was purchased as a foal for £42, and started her career in selling plates, but she has now credited her owner with the nice little sum of £5721.

THE KING and Queen were present, but neither the Abbot nor Whitehead ever showed in their races with a million-to-one chance. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald watched the races with their Majesties, but as he had no race-glasses and, in addition to this, is very short-sighted, he may have missed some of the nicer points.

IT was, I understand, the Prime Minister's first visit to a racecourse. Put yourself for one moment in Mr. MacDonald's black boots and look around you. It seems hardly possible that one so famous should be unacquainted with those familiar faces.

How strange that that great mind has never grasped the fact that those two handsome brunettes are Mrs. Beatty and Miss Sheriffe, and that minute and fascinating blonde who is talking to six men at the same time is Mrs. Rank! How incredible that he should not know the Baron de Tuyll from Captain Montagu, or Freddy Fox from Gordon Richards! And, stranger still, not to be sure which is Lord Carnarvon.

I CAN only hope, dear Mr. MacDonald, that your life, which appears so dreary to us, has its compensations, though Mr. Thomas and Mr. Baldwin, and even Ishbel, would appear but feeble substitutes, and I yearn to lead you by the hand and open your eyes to what you have missed.

ENOUGH of this for the present, and if anyone wants to know what is undoubtedly the best outsider for the Derby, I will tell you. His name is Achtenan, and although you may laugh at your old Uncle, and say that he only beat a "typical Gay Crusader," in Mediæval Knight, I shall reply that I was immensely impressed with the way he did it. The race will have brought him on 10 lb., and by Derby Day he will be another 10 lb. better. Even that may leave him a few pounds short of a sane Colombo, but whereas, at the time of writing, Colombo is 13 to 8, Achtenan is 33 to 1.

BACKERS took a nasty one on the chin when we betted like drunken sailors on an animal called Old Folk, and afterwards we all wished he 'd done as all old folks should—stayed at home. Rumour had it that he was in front of Knighted, and with the "little mechanic" to guide him, this looked money for old rope.

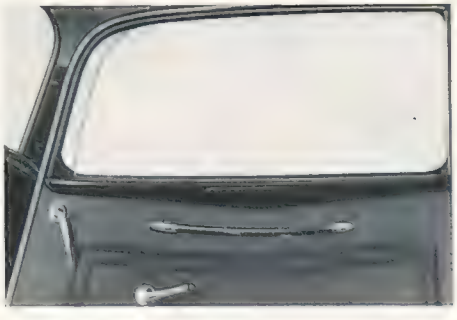
OLD FOLK finished third, and after passing the post he fell, giving Gordon a nasty toss and a bruise on his head the size of an egg. It requires much more than a mere bruise, though, to stop the champion, and in the next race he got us all out, and sent us home happy, on Captain Montagu's Constable.

I WATCHED this race with Sir Richard Sykes, bronzed and well from his sojourn abroad. Sir Richard had bred Constable at his famous Sledmere Stud, and was particularly keen on his winning. Constable carried his head high, like all good policemen should, and gave us some anxious moments, but Gordon wouldn't let him go off duty till he 'd passed the winning-post, and all was well.

THE NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (4 DOORS), £280, AT WORKS

The Calendar suggests Racing, Horse-Shows, Gymkhanas, and the like . . .

What fitter car is there in which to enjoy them ?
This New V-8 has draught-free ventilation at its most efficient, on top of all the *other* features which amaze even motorists familiar with the original V-8.
Priced as it is, despite its super-excellence in all that makes a fine car worth-while, it is a whole lecture in Value Predominant !
May we send you the literature of this New V-8, and the nearest Dealer's name and address ? He will enjoy your putting it through its paces, sampling its wealth of attractive qualities.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".
TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN A
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVENATED

Music (and all That)

The B.B.C. Music Festival

By "Melos"

Anne Roselle

Who is singing Turandot at Covent Garden when the Italian season starts. She is American, and comes to London from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York

LONDON has been having a Music Festival, which, through the "cussedness" of most musical arrangements in this country, has been allowed to clash with nightly doings at Covent Garden. However, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra covering itself with operatic glory, the powers-that-be have obviously decided that the B.B.C. Orchestra must not be allowed to grow rusty.

I cannot agree with those who have commented adversely on the London Music Festival because the bulk of the programmes have consisted of foreign music. The inclusion of Hindemith's dull oratorio, *Das Unaufhörliche* (which has been heard before and found wanting), was a mistake, and it drew a very thin house. This work is pretentious neo-Teutonism at its worst, and in its more boring passages I expected a stampede for the door—and the devil take the Hindemith.

BUT in a concert of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, with Boult and the B.B.C. to secure a good performance as well as to help along the alliteration, there is surely nothing at which to cavil. This was not a British Music Festival; the B.B.C., to do them justice, have tried one of these, with signal lack of success. However, one of the concerts (and one of the best of them) was three-quarters British, opening with the new *Festival* Overture by Mr. Cyril Scott, a composition which won the *Daily Telegraph* special prize. Prize works seldom come up to expectation in fact, though in fiction we have that masterpiece in *Die Meistersinger*. Mr. Scott's Overture has little about it that is specifically either festal or Scott-ish—the latter fact, considering he is a composer of very marked individuality, rather surprising. Yet, if it will not go down the ages, as was hoped, taking its place beside, or instead of, the famous but well-worn overtures which have headed concert programmes for generations, it is a worthy piece of work, to be heard again and yet again.

Thea Struve

Cyril Scott

The winner of the "Daily Telegraph" Overture Competition. His "Festival" Overture, the prize-winning work, was played at a B.B.C. Festival of Music concert, with Adrian Boult conducting

Mr. Arnold Bax's Fifth, and somewhat Sibelian, Symphony, first heard at a Courtauld-Sargent gathering, was repeated at this concert, and had a deservedly enthusiastic reception from an audience which included, sitting up in the circle, such celebrities as Miss Harriet Cohen, Dr. Bruno Walter, Mr. Albert Coates, and the composer himself. Elgar's "Enigma" Variations followed; Sir Thomas Beecham, at the last "Phil" concert, took them too fast, and Dr. Boult, at this one, took them too slowly. Perhaps perfection will be achieved by arranging for Sir Thomas and the Doctor to conduct alternate variations!

I SUPPOSE Horowitz is the pianist of the moment. He played some glittering Liszt at the Supervia-Piatigorsky concert on the previous evening, and at this one the familiar Tschaikowsky Concerto, riding the storm of its many difficulties, but hardly showing dynamic force. He is less pedantic than Schnabel, but not, I fancy, so profound a musician. As to his consummate brilliance, there is no doubt.

"RING" succeedeth unto "Ring" at Covent Garden (the new opera, *Schwanda*, was produced too late for notice in this issue), and triumph unto triumph. I have never, in any opera house, heard such orchestral playing as that of the L.P.O. under Sir Thomas, and the standard of the singing has been but little short of it.

Bockelmann and Nissen (Wotan and Wotan-Tragedy Duo), Frida Leider, Lotte Lehmann, and Emmanuel List, a terrific Hagen from Berlin, with a voice strong enough to split the rafters of even the refurbished and fortified Covent Garden, formed a team which it would be impossible to rival. But, good as is Janssen as Gunther, there are English singers just as good for this part—Percy Heming and Frederick Ranalow, for instance; and I can think of half-a-dozen Englishwomen who would be far better as Gutrune than the German blonde who has been chosen.

But these are small points. The achievements, so far, of the new syndicate have been more than praiseworthy.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to wax funny about the staging deficiencies of Grand Opera. This year, however, the new scenery, lighting, and production have been something of a challenge. My own opinion is that the lighting is incomparably better than it was; the scenery a little better than the old (which was very good indeed, old age being its only fault); and the production not so good.

The difficulties of the closing scene of *Götterdämmerung* are, of course, fantastic. In past years they have been grappled with, and not, perhaps, very successfully, but an attempt was made. This year the producer has simply dodged them. And, what is less forgivable, he has disobeyed Wagner's own directions.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

The Rome of Earlier Days

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. ROBERT GRAVES has carved out an entirely new line with his *I, Claudius* (Barker; 8*s.*), for it is a historical novel based upon the histories and the autobiography of the Emperor Claudius of Rome. It would require a historical specialist to tell where fact and fiction part company; where the documents end and the imagination begins, and all that the layman can do, in discussing a book of this sort, is to confine himself to a consideration of its impact upon the reader. Otherwise he is apt to make a bit of an ass of himself. I must say at once that I read *I, Claudius* through from beginning to end, and whether it was fact or fiction or both, I was immensely impressed by it. Mr. Graves has built up a great pageant of imperial Rome. Dozens of characters come to life as the tale is unfolded: Augustus; the terrible Livia; Germanicus; Varus, who lost the legions in the dark forests of Germany, when Arminius became the immortal Germanic hero in a day and later gave his name to our Ermine Street; Caligula, the raving madman whose blood-lust grew more and more fearful with the years, and a procession of others. But the clearest, most alive of all the characters is Claudius himself, the weak, nervous, unobtrusive uncle of Caligula, who was always trying to do his best and was always within an ace of being murdered in cold blood. The thing which always saved his life was that he was the butt of the Emperor and the Court, and tyrants very seldom kill their butts. So Claudius escaped over and over again, until finally Caligula was murdered and Claudius found himself seized by the courtiers and the soldiers and hoisted abruptly into the imperial throne and forced to wear the imperial purple. His first resolve was to open the archives and write the history of his own times from the secret truth. There we leave him at the end, and *I, Claudius* is supposed to be the book which he made from the archives.

Robert Graves

author of "Good-Bye To All That," "But Still It Goes On," and a modernisation of "David Copperfield," called "The Real David Copperfield," whose new book, "I, Claudius," is reviewed on this page

Mr. Graves has not spared us the brutalities, the insane sadism, the horrible unreasoning tyrannies of the age. But he has given us a powerful picture of the lights and shades, the splendours as well as the dark corners, of the imperial age of Rome.

THE pendulum is swinging away from psychology in urban districts and morbidity in back alley-ways, and going over to country air and gardens, and rare old "characters," and the obscure habits of mushroom spawn. Mr. Beverley Nichols started the notion, and Mr. Cecil Roberts is well up in the hunt (if it is permissible to talk about hunting with a pendulum). Mr. Roberts's new book, *Gone Rustic* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the description of how he visited a family of Old English exiles in Florida and found them stoutly cultivating an Old English garden amid a forest of sub-tropical luxuriance. From that instant Mr. Roberts began to long for an English garden of his own. He came home and began the search, and, like all organised cottage-searches, it was a failure. It was by pure accident—it always is—that he hit at last upon Pilgrim Cottage, near Henley-on-Thames. He fell in love with it at first sight. It was Elizabethan-timbered, and red-tiled. There was a deep, soft lawn round it, and a well, with a bucket and windlass, and "an old apple tree trailed its branches over the mellowed tiles." Syringas and laburnums were in full bloom and the herbaceous clumps were flowering, and, by a miracle, the cottage was standing empty. From that moment it was all over bar the signing. Mr. Beverley Nichols made frantic attempts to lure Mr. Roberts into his northern fastness in Huntingdonshire, and trotted out manors and dower-houses for his inspection, but Pilgrim Cottage was cantering down the straight before the others had finished negotiating the starting-gate, and this book is the story of Mr. Roberts's journey from being a townee to becoming a yokel.

Going yokel has an even greater fascination for the man of letters than the lights of London have for Welsh kitchen-maids, and Mr. Roberts has been through all the stages. He planted his seeds nine inches deep and marvelled at their non-appearance in flower-form; he has trembled before his gardener, and been wafted into an ecstasy by a tulip catalogue. And luck was with him, for he found a village ancient who told him that King Charles had fled past the end of the garden on his way from Oxford, and that, long before that, Mr. Chaucer used to go by on his way to visit his son at Ewelme. As Mr. Roberts so truly says, oral tradition is often so much more reliable than written tradition. At the end of this perfectly delightful book, we leave Mr. Roberts in a great state of excitement, for a totally unexpected refund of income tax has arrived from Australia and he is blowing it all upon rare shrubs and roses and delphiniums. Let us hope that we shall hear in due course how they flower at Pilgrim Cottage.

MR. E. R. PUNSHON'S new detective novel is called *The Crossword Mystery* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and it has one essential difference from most of this type of novel. For it is written with such charm and deftness, and the characters are so clearly drawn, that it carries its reader along with a swing, even when nothing very much is happening in the action. As a general rule we have to rely on the swiftness of the action or the subtlety of the plot to carry us over the undistinguished writing and the puppetry of the figures. The main clue in Mr. Punshon's book is a cross-word puzzle which a Mr. George Winterton has constructed in his leisure hours, and as Mr. Winterton is in terror of being murdered at any moment by a person or persons unknown, the reader is well-advised to solve the puzzle before he goes any further. If he succeeds—and though some of it is very easy, other parts of it are remarkably difficult—then, with the help of the map at the beginning, he ought to be able to discover at least where the treasure was buried. The climax of the tale is a remarkably powerful page or two of writing, which comes most unexpectedly in a detective book. *The Cross-Word Mystery* is first-class entertainment.

MR. ROBERT BERNAYS set off in 1930 with a round-the-world ticket in his pocket, and about a hundred pounds in cash. He went across Canada, through what he calls the Musical Comedy Mountains, across to Honolulu and the South Sea Islands, and so on. But his money ran short and he took a gamble by going to India and practically appointing himself special correspondent to the *Daily News*. For weeks he fired off exciting cables to London without getting any replies, and he began to think he was ruining himself. But everything came out all right in the end, and he landed a fat job and a good reputation as a journalist. Later on, he visited Nazi Germany, and modern, prosperous Denmark, and saw Dr. Dollfuss at bay in Austria, and many other interesting things besides, and he has described his adventures in *Special Correspondent* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is an easy book to read, and I also suspect it of being rather easy to write. There have been so many of them in the last few years, and they have all been very much of a muchness.

Charades for Charity

THE Charade Party at Sunderland House last week was held in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Lady (Austen) Chamberlain, Lady Howe, Lady Latta, and Mrs. Warren Pearl were chairmen of the committee. The charades were organised by Miss Gertrude Jennings

A supper-party after the charades included Lord Scarsdale, Princess Hohenlohe, Count Orlovsky, Lady Snowden, Lady Sackville, Mr. Peter Lubbock, and Lady Scarsdale, whose first appearance this was since her recent serious illness

Above: Mr. Evan Jack, Miss Rosemary Glyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Byron at the buffet

Above: Mercia Swinburne, who was one of the charade troupe

Miss Peggy Leary and Mr. Arthur Evelyn, who is a brother-in-law of Clive Brook, the film actor, studying their programmes together

Below: Lady Muriel Worthington, who took a party to see the charades, talking to Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P.

Below: the all-star company of charade players—Leslie Banks, George Relph, Clifford Mollison, Marie Burke, Owen Nares, Dame May Whitty, and, sitting down, Mercia Swinburne, Violet Loraine, and Edith Evans

A Marriage Has Been Arranged . .

Lenare

Miss Mary Foster

Miss Mary Foster is engaged to Viscount Ratendone, the only son of the Viceroy of India. She is the daughter of Basil Foster, the actor and athlete, who is a member of the famous cricketing family of Worcestershire

Bassano

Miss Sybil Leigh-Pemberton

Left: the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. D. Leigh-Pemberton, of Cold Ash, Liphook, is engaged to Mr. John Wingfield Verner, the younger son of Sir Edward Verner, Bart., and Lady Verner, of David's Vere, Farnham, Surrey

Lenare

The Hon. Barbara Boot

Lord and Lady Trent's eldest daughter, and Mr. Willoughby Rollo Norman, are being married on June 26th. Mr. Norman is the second son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Norman, P.C., and Lady Norman, of Ramster, Chiddingfold, Surrey. He is twenty-five and Miss Boot is nineteen

Below: Miss Evelyn Grant is the elder sister of Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, and is engaged to Mr. Cecil Deakin, Grenadier Guards, of Bowyers Place, Liss. Her brother, who is also in the Grenadiers, was married to Miss Priscilla Thomson, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Alan Thomson, last week

Miss Evelyn Grant

Bertram Park

Lady Alethea Buxton

Left: Lady Alethea Buxton is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Buxton; her marriage to Mr. Peter Eliot, only son of the Hon. Edward Eliot, and nephew of the Earl of St. Germans, will take place on July 12th from her home in Sussex

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

By Jean Burnup

WHY should n't we get lyrical about this silver gown? It is one of those things every woman dreams about. John Everard's photograph shows you the line and movement, the flow of the sleeves, unexpectedly lined with green, the light and shade of the material. It comes from Harvey Nichols

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

HERE is Margaret Rawlings, photographed in one of the newest two-way stretch elastic and linen weave bathing suits. They can't shrink and won't stretch.

WHICH would you rather do or go shopping? Do not bother to answer. I shall do it for you, and try to leave you with a well-dressed sensation.

There is something very pleasant about starting your shopping in Piccadilly.

You are inclined to saunter a little and admire for the nine-hundredth time the lovely window of St. James's Church, which puts you into the right mood for appreciating clothes, if any woman needs to be put into such a mood.

Then you enter Fortnum and Mason's and, turning reluctantly from the display of gentlemen's relish and other subtle delicacies downstairs, take the lift up to the department which might aptly be called ladies' relish.

I certainly relished most of the things there; and can't think how I got away without buying jumpers, dressing-gowns and scarves.

Two scarves were especially attractive. One is neither long nor short, cheap nor dear, but perfect. It is made of a material that looks like furniture rep, but is soft silk to the touch. It is straight and simple, just uneven coloured stripes with fringed ends.

Wear it carelessly, but, of course, carefully, with a sports suit, tailored suit, or that darkish dress which is calling for a touch of summery brightness.

The other scarf is sketched below, and is for Cowes or cruise or anywhere you like. If you are going on the sea, the ships on its back should make you feel at home. But who would object to wearing it on land?

The colours are swell, and, as for the stuff, I am very much afraid it would become one of those possessions to hand down to a favoured grandchild.

The check blouse-jumper next door to the scarf is worth notice, too. I should prefer to see it with a tailored suit, but please yourself.

WHATEVER did we do to face the sun in pre-shorts, pre-playsuit, pre-sunback-dress days? Just felt hot, I suppose, and put up with it.

It still makes me feel hot to think of some of the people I know who are going to wear shorts and should only wear longs.

Walking through the cruising department at Harvey Nichols I see that the shorts manufacturers have put everything they know into them. They can't help the many unsuitable knees and legs that will be exposed to our gaze, but by clever cutting, shaping and pleating they have eliminated the ugly back view which we suffered when shorts were just something to do with hiking.

In fact, the derrière, as the American papers cleverly put it, looks flat and flattered.

I saw a stunning red swim suit, with a wide, almost Schiaparelli belt. I should like it to be worn by a slim bit of a girl with brown eyes and a high-diving diploma. She should clamber up to the highest diving-board as often as she can, without being tired, for the joy of the beholder.

She should wear a white bathing-cap and white shoes, and not allow herself to get too tanned . . .

There are blouses rather dark, cunningly severe to accentuate the playtime spirit, to be worn with natural linen shorts and wrap-over skirts when the occasion demands them.

THE fashion theatre at Harrods was full of women, gloating, myself included, over the hat parade.

Languorous girls wearing large, quaint be-feathered hats inspired by Gainsborough portraits, walked up and down and looked sweet.

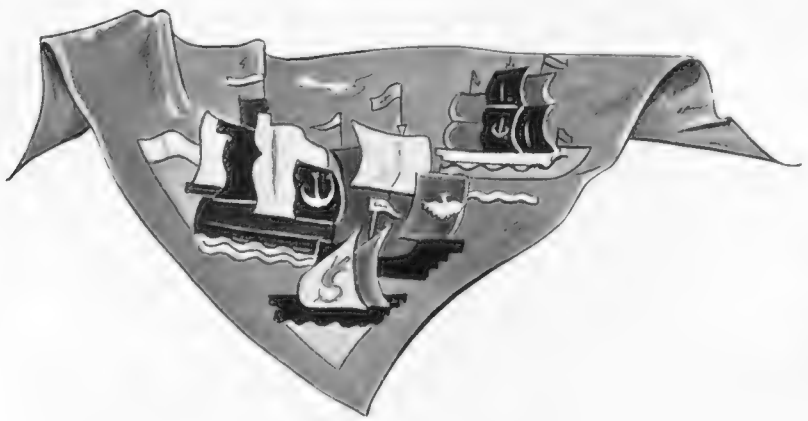
If you are inclined to treat your hats that way, these picturesque affairs, which look so fragile that they should hardly be touched, can actually be packed flat at the bottom of a suit-case, with heavy things on top, without coming to harm.

And the granny bonnet-hat, which caused a flutter at the mid-season Paris fashion shows, looked quite right in London on the right girl. We shall see it, for sure, in the paddock at Ascot, if not before.

....*BARGAIN OF THE WEEK*....

Two-piece evening ensemble made of flowered crêpe de Chine, slimming line, high neck, low back. Coat in plain taffeta, coolie line, earning distinction with a great bow at neck and enormous three-quarter length puff sleeves.

£5 5 0. Harrods.



Right

MADE for sea, shore, or any place where the sun shines. Slip off the coatee, and you are backless, and pretty low in front, too. Skirt is a wrap, colour is oatmeal, material linen tweed, coat decoration coloured spots and bow

Harvey Nichols

Right-Hand Bottom Corner

AN evening jacket which is almost a necessity in anybody's wardrobe. It is of white thick crêpe, with something different about its collar, shoulders, sleeves, waist-line

Harvey Nichols

Below

THIS light-weight frock and coat in Rodier's "Dunlap" is all the one colour and all the better for that. Its commendable fashion points are the high neckline, flattering basque, interesting shoulders. If the coat were transparent you would see the pretty baby puff sleeves on the dress.

Harrods, in any of the new pastels

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Eustace Mordaunt
Chairman of the Dinner

THE Benevolent Fund dinner is the only occasion in the year when members meet and dine in anything like large numbers. For several lean years the dinner was abandoned, for reasons of economy, so that the revival of the function, at the conclusion of this year's collection for the Fund, was something of an event. There was a grand gathering in the lovely Merchant Taylors' Hall, which the Master and Wardens so kindly lent. Urling Clark, the Chairman of the Benevolent Fund committee, is himself a Merchant Taylor; he was one of the new Managers elected last summer. He made a fine speech in proposing the Fund's health, and struck a firm counter-blow against criticism of the publication of individual total collections by pointing out that if anyone objected, his conscience would tell him why, and that there was an easy way of remedying any deficiencies.

EUSTACE MORDAUNT, the Chairman of the dinner, and also a Manager, then revealed the great secret—the total collected, which was nearly £50,000—and read out the list of individual collections. Top-marker was Henry Pearson, whose marvellous hand-written appeal-letters thus did get the response they deserved; his collection totalled just over £6500. As the custom is, he replied on behalf of the stewards, which he did by giving a short and very witty account of one of his adventures during the hunt, when both he and his "victim" completely misunderstood each other's intentions.

THE other important House event, which will be over when this page appears, is the election of a new member of the Committee, a vacancy having been caused by the sad death of A. J. Drysdale, who had been a member of it for many years. There were two candidates for the vacancy: Tom Burrows, who has already appeared on this page, when we told the tale of his lost suit-case; and Gerry Koch de Gooreynd. The latter is never seen without his eye-glass, which he wore on his first arrival in the House as a "blue button," and got away with it in a miraculous manner. The House loves a character, whether it's "Nelly," Murray Griffith, "Christopher Wren's broker," or "Pills" Holloway, and Gerry Koch de Gooreynd's "guts" in doing what he did, established him then and there. Now he has been invited to stand for the Committee at the very early age of thirty-five. His father was a member of it before the war. The new candidate is with Panmure Gordon, and is already extremely knowledgeable about House affairs. He is, incidentally, a brother of "Peter Maurice," music publisher, and composer of "Trees," to the fame of which song Douglas Byng's low-brow version contributed not a little.

ALL the fishermen, except the heavy brigade of tunny-chasers, are, about now, in the middle of the busiest week or two of their season. Jack Russell, for example, has been having some fair sport on the Test; he started his season earlier on with a week after the salmon on the Dee. Frank Barker is a rod-and-line king, but we haven't heard yet of any exciting exploits of his. Neville Gladstone is another regular, and now his young and attractive wife has, we hear, proved herself worthy of him by killing a beautiful fish of some forty-odd pounds on the Wye. Oliver Parker can be relied on to produce a few fish out of the Hampshire Avon, as well as some doubtful stories, not always about fish, and Peter Harris is just off to Ireland, hoping for "tight lines" on the water which he took last year. He gets around a lot, and finds time and energy to enjoy most of the good things of life, besides working hard in the House.

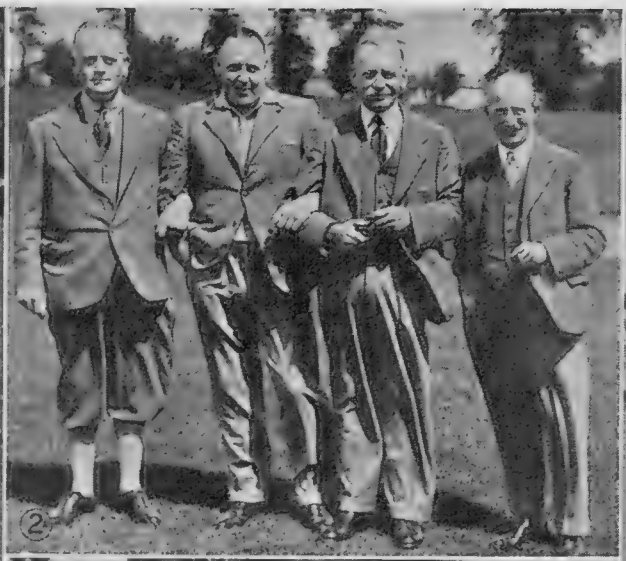
Gerry Koch de Gooreynd
A Committee Candidate

Urling Clark
Chairman of the Fund

THERE have been one or two unlucky people on the sick list lately. The Chairman, Sir Archibald Campbell, unfortunately couldn't go to the Benevolent Fund dinner on account of illness. Brian Gibbs has been having his appendix out, and Jock Leith, who had that done to him last year, has been in a nursing-home again, living on milk and barley-sugar, and, sometimes, "Marie" biscuits. He was made a partner of his firm a month or two before he was condemned to this meagre diet.

THE arrival of a stranger in the House is always a welcome sight, but when one appears wearing a mackintosh, the thing becomes a gala. The gilt-edged market had this kind of a treat the other day, and most people felt hurt that Waldron Smithers cut short the fun by conducting the bewildered wanderer to the door. How a stranger so dressed can get past the waiters is a mystery, but not more surprising than the amazing unconcern of the intruder himself. How rudely he is made aware of the dangers of his pariah-dom depends on several things: the day of the week and the time of day—whether members are too absorbed in a rush of business to attend to him; the market he lands in, and whether it contains any of the recognised leaders of stranger-baiting, as, for instance, "Ba" Sheppard or John Forest, "Mickey" Smith or Ted Heath; the rescuing ability of the nearest waiter, and last, but most important, the stranger's own sense of humour.

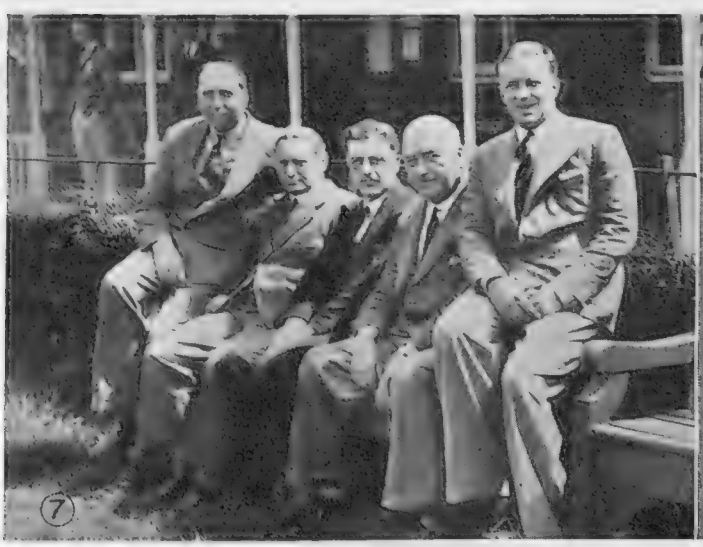
AND, talking of mackintoshes, what about the tail-coat a popular member of the gilt-edged market went to a wedding in the other day? He liked it so much that he was said to be thinking of buying it.



(1) F. J. Allban and A. L. Allban. (2) D. Idwal Evans, Kenneth Webb, W. T. Springall, and C. C. Campbell (ex-Captain). (3) H. H. Hammond (Secretary), and William Gibbs (Captain of the Club). (4) T. O'Callaghan, and Russell T. John. (5) G. A. Hallett, G. W. Griffiths, Ernest Howell, and A. Nutter. (6) Henry Howell (ex-Champion of Wales) and C. S. Wilson (Hon. Treasurer). (7) M. A. Martyn, G. R. Sweet-Escott, N. D. Lewis, A. L. Wilson, and W. F. Blandy. (8) J. A. Griffiths (Welsh International), C. Oliver, and D. A. Duncan (ex-Captain)

Golf Clubs at Home

A Day at the Glamorganshire Golf Club, Penarth



HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION

DETROIT MICHIGAN

HELLO=COLONEL=

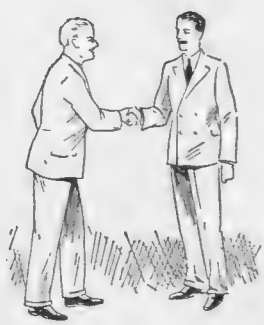
Sorry we could not catch the "Mauretania" with our first 12 (1935) beautiful aerodynamic Hupmobile cars. These were the first off the production line last night and were hooked on to two covered freight cars to the Detroit—New York express. The freight cars did not stand the speed of the express, axles got hot and the cars had to be left on a siding. We missed the "Mauretania," which sailed April 17th, but we have now caught the "Olympic," sailing April 27th, which will be in time for your official opening at 43, Berkeley Street. I am sailing on the "Europa," to be present at the official opening of your showroom, coach-works and service station.

Chas D Hastings

PRESIDENT.

HUPMOBILE
LIMITED

LONDON ENGLAND



43, BERKELEY STREET,
W.1.

Hello, Colonel !

Detroit congratulates you on your wonderful showroom.

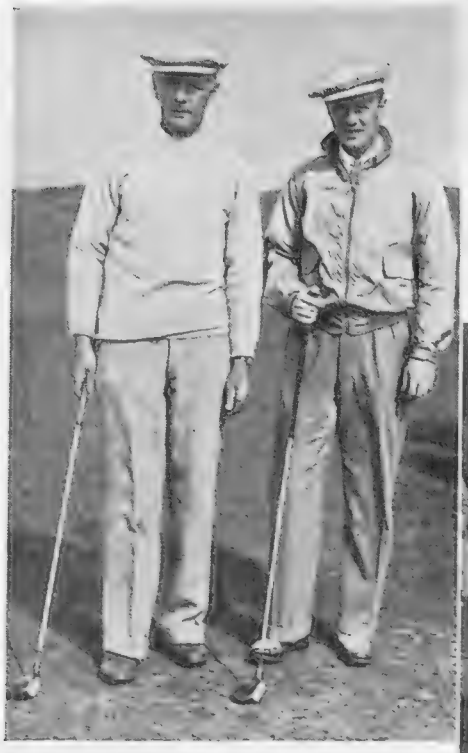
You have our whole-hearted support in presenting our beautiful aerodynamic cars. Our factory is yours. I am sure you will have the continued success that you have always had in the past. We know your sales organisation have sold 50 million pounds' worth of motor transport during the time you have been in the trade. We hope you will double these figures.

Warwick Wright

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Well, There It Is . . .

By F. G. L. Fairlie



H. Chandler Egan and George Dunlap, two of the United States golfers who helped to retain the Walker Cup for their country

Below: Lawson Little (U.S.A.) bunkered at the second when playing in the foursomes with Johnny Goodman against Tolley and Wethered, whom they overwhelmed

G. Westland and Gus Moreland, two more of our friendly American foes who "put it across" the English team

WELL, there it is. The sad fact must be recorded that once again we have suffered an overwhelming defeat in the Walker Cup match. If it was only that, it would not matter so much, for, after all, there is no denying that our friends from America are considerably more accomplished at the game than we are; but it is not only the bare fact of defeat with which we are faced: it is the manner of our defeat.

I will not weary my readers with a description of the actual play. Nor will I stress the fact that the Americans, as a whole, did not play particularly well, but that the golf they did serve up was more than good enough for our representatives. All you who read this page also read the daily papers, and you will have had your fill of this depressing tale. And it has no part in my grievance, which is not nearly so much against the individuals who were thrust into the limelight to be slaughtered as against the whole system which enabled them to play at St. Andrews. When I so possessively state that what I am about to write is *my* grievance, I should perhaps add that it is not merely mine: there are hundreds of others who have written, telephoned, and spoken to me on the subject. It is a grievance with a vengeance, and, although I am driven to write about it because of a genuine inclination, I am also driven to write about it by the urgent encouragement of so many who are, apparently, desperately anxious that I should do so.

THERE can be no blinking the facts: there is a widespread dissatisfaction amongst golfers of all classes about the personnel and the work of the Selection Committee.

I am aware that, just after so crushing a defeat, this attack may seem a trifle akin to shooting the pianist, but it has been going the rounds for some little time—even some weeks ago, when some of us considered that at last we might perhaps win the Walker Cup this year, and it is crying aloud for ventilation.

The Selection Committee has never publicly been announced. As far as the poor club golfer is concerned—who, mark you, is expected to pay his half-crown (or whatever it is) to swell the funds by watching the match—the team is chosen by a mythical body of men (numbering perhaps a hundred, perhaps only one, who acts as a sort of Mussolini) who are all-powerful, and who are expected to carry his confidence. How can they possibly do this? They may be very good judges of golf, but, again, they may not; they may be all that is desirable . . . but the very silence and mystery which surrounds their names is very suspicious indeed. And if they make an unpopular selection, how much more inclined is the club golfer to criticise, when there is no great name to act as a brake on his agitated tongue.

THIS totally unnecessary secrecy does not inspire confidence, and leads the man in the bar to vague uneasiness, and sometimes to perfectly righteous anger. For, after all, says he, *he* is the backbone of golf, even if he is inclined to socket, and *he* is vastly interested in this great International match: he does not want to select the Selection Committee (for he would like to have perfect confidence in the Royal and Ancient Club), but he would like the Royal and Ancient to respect that confidence and loyalty by just a little information sometimes, particularly when it is to the golfing public interest. In short, he does not want to be treated as a private schoolboy on an official picnic, when no bun is his allotment; he wants his bun, and it hurts his feelings if, having done nothing to deserve it, he is deprived of it.

WELL, here you are, my boys: the Selection Committee was this year constituted as follows: Norman Boase, J. L. C. Jenkyns, T. A. Torrance, Bernard Darwin, and Robert Harris. Such was the mystery and secrecy observed, that I am not sure whether J. Gordon Simpson was also a member or not.

The golfing public would like to know what qualifications has Boase for his post: they are not obvious. Jenkyns might be useful for Scottish players, but any Selector *must* know *all* the players in the running in order to compare and decide on the best. Torrance should not be a Selector, because he is himself in the running for a place; I know that he takes endless trouble, but still there remains that fact. Robert Harris is a sound judge of a golfer, and is the only one on the list whom I, personally, would retain, although I am aware that in discarding Bernard Darwin I shall not meet with general approval.

BUT, as well as these rather personal motives, the public (I am now speaking of the two hundred or so good golfers who compete in the Championship, and who may have heard whispered the five names which I have just mentioned) is not at all satisfied that five Selectors is not at least two too many. I have heard it suggested that this year the procedure most likely to appeal generally would have been to appoint the one and only obvious choice, Cyril Tolley, as the sole Selector. He might very well have been told: "Look here, Cyril, *you* are going to play and captain the side: select those you want and ask them." That method would have met with approval. So would another: tell Robert Harris that he was to be non-playing Captain, and tell him also that Tolley and McLean, say, were to play. Instruct them to get on with it.

And yet another might have satisfied: let the Championship Committee appoint a Selection Committee, and *announce the names*.

We did not win the Walker Cup match, because we were outplayed by better golfers; but we did not deserve to win. It would have been a crying shame, in view of our preparations, both individual and selective, if we had.

Real Cocktails begin with

The Café de Paris has many an irresistible attraction for London's society. The supper-dance restaurant is a perfect setting for the beautiful. The cabaret, food and wine are excellent. Few can resist the band's inviting rhythm or the dance floor's oval shape. And fewer still can say 'no' to a cocktail, superbly made with Booth's Dry Gin at the circular bar in the trim little lounge.

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Willing

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Pleasant Porthcawl

Pictures from Porthcawl

Top left: Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, the French close champion, who shared second qualifying place with 78 plus 77 with Miss Diana Fishwick in the Women's Golf Championships, held at Porthcawl. Bottom left: Ireland at Porthcawl. L. to r. Mrs. Kidd, Miss Janet Jackson, and Mrs. J. B. Walker, all competitors

Top right: Mrs. Rieben and her daughter, both ex-Welsh champions, who qualified. Bottom right: Left to right, Miss Barbara Lees and Miss Mary Johnson, Yorkshire's runner-up and champion; Mrs. H. V. Newton, an ex-Lancashire champion, and Miss Molly Gourlay, who headed the qualifying rounds with 152

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ALMOST every one of the one hundred and forty competitors felt sure they were going to enjoy themselves from the very first moment that they set foot in Porthcawl and saw the sun shining and the great, big waves rolling in. The sun, up to the moment of writing, has gone on shining—in fact, the weather for the Internationals and the two days' qualifying was quite unbelievably beautiful, so that all the overseas contingent, who had been led to expect something frightful of the English climate, spent their time trying to find thin enough clothes and saying how glorious it was. Apart from the weather, there was every reason to enjoy yourself at Porthcawl, because the tees had been kept reasonably short and there was a really good chance for any first-class golfer of getting round in the 'seventies. That is as it should be.

For the moment, however, a fig for the scoring. The Home Internationals filled the bill the first day and a-half—and at one awful period looked like filling it for two, an absolute tie in individual games, as well as matches, seeming imminent between Scotland and England, owing to the sudden arrival of Wales as a power very much to be reckoned with. That was the great event on the first day, and it has made all the difference in the world to everybody's outlook on the Home Internationals. Some are arguing that they should be given a separate date and venue, so important they have become, so big a strain before the Championship itself. Others are rejoicing that all Wales's gallantry, which one grew almost tired of praising, has at last been rewarded by their becoming a very effective factor in these matches.

ON the first morning they beat Ireland. Ireland, for the moment, has fallen on rather evil days, and this is not the first time Wales has beaten them. Nor is it the first time that Scotland have done it to their hereditary foe, England, as they did that first morning. The astonishment was when Wales went on in the afternoon to beat Scotland. Then the question arose: "Could they beat England the next morning?" Their top player gave them a splendid lead, for Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, who had already beaten Miss Pentony and Miss Couper, kept her record unbroken with a 4 and 3 win from Miss Dorothy Pearson. But that was the beginning and end of Wales's wins. Scotland beat Ireland by 7 to 2, but that was insufficient to stop England coming in on the three-cornered fight and winning on individual games. Frankly, it would have been more exciting if Wales had put some fresh names on to the International Shield, or Scotland had come back there, but fresh life has been put into the business and nobody after this will dare look upon England as invincible or Wales as negligible.

The golf had been very high-class. There seemed a little bit of deterioration when qualifying started. It was not that people were grim: for once even a qualifying round did not seem to have a very depressing effect. Everybody looked so nice and was dressed so well and there was no need to wear leather or mackintosh coats. Short sleeves were the order of the day; so were dark spectacles, and on the second day sunshades and a backless beach frock even came into action. Miss Barron was faithful to her trousers. I really should have liked to have taken some of the people who imagine that all golfers are fat and plain and badly-dressed and shown them, not merely a few, but almost any group taken at random. There must have been a change of opinion.

ON the first day there were three 78's: Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss Diana Fishwick. Miss Fishwick had been ill, and so, for the first time, and to her intense disappointment, had been obliged to miss the Internationals. It was a rather-wobbly-about-the-knees Miss Fishwick who struggled round the course, and her 78 did her vast credit. So did Miss Gourlay's, since she very nearly missed her starting-time altogether, and did have to miss lunch. Miss de Gunzbourg went in for none of these extraneous excitements, but came quietly to the matter in hand with a big reputation from last year's Franco-British match, added lustre from the French Close Championship, which she won last month, a power of hitting the long shots and a delicacy in judging the short, which is making people wonder whether she may not be our British Open Champion by the time these words are in print. She and Miss Fishwick each added a 77 on the second day, but Miss Gourlay was unbeatable with a 74, and so goes home at least with the Fishwick Bowl for the best qualifying aggregate, which may be some small consolation for her defeat in the Championship itself.

SATURDAY evening saw the L.G.U. entertaining the overseas players, of whom it is delightful to see so many here this year. A very cheery, not too formal evening, and, like the Championship, a very well-dressed one. Miss Cunninghame spoke most happily; so did Miss Reid, of New Zealand, in replying on behalf of the guests, and then some people danced and the rest went on talking. It is grand to have such a chance of exchanging ideas, and Mrs. Wilkinson, who has done so much for golf in South Africa, and all her countrymen and women, arrived just in time to add to the interest of it all. We are all desperately tantalised that Miss Dorothy Pearson has failed to qualify, and to see Miss Enid Wilson merely as a spectator and journalist; otherwise, one cannot wish for anything pleasanter than Porthcawl.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

A warm letter of introduction, a job, a wife even, may, in a hurried world depend—yes!—on the way you're dressed. For a good first impression is often more than half the battle—and a bad may postpone the other half indefinitely. It is the unique advantage of the New Tailoring that you choose clothes instead of cloth, putting on one suit after another until you find exactly in what cloth and cut you look your best.

This summer we have a particularly fine array of grey West of England flannel suits with pastel stripes and chalk stripes, single-breasted five guineas, double-breasted five and a half guineas; also plain grey, five pounds and five guineas.

151 FITTINGS IN THE NEW TAILORING

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Left: Mr. W. C. Bull, the treasurer, and Mr. H. Bushby, manager of the Australian cricket team, set off on a sight-seeing spin in the Hillman six-cylinder 20 - 70 saloon. Mr. Bushby has placed an order for a Humber car

Motoring Notes

A SPORTS version of the "Gloria" model, to be known as the "Monte Carlo" tourer, is announced by the Triumph Company.

The new car has been designed specially for the trials and rally enthusiast, a principle of increased power combined with reduced weight having been adopted. The body, which is of the open four-seater type, is made of aluminium panels, and aluminium is employed for the bonnet, wings, etc. Light alloy metals are used wherever possible on the engine and chassis.

Weight-reduction, however, has not been carried out at the expense of those factors most needed on a car of this type, such as a large petrol-tank and two spare wheels. The tank, which is neatly housed behind the rear seats, has a capacity for seventeen gallons of fuel, and the spare-wheel mounting allows the twin wheels to be carried complete with non-skid chains. A particularly interesting feature is the "Telecontrol" on the fascia-board, which gives instant adjustment of front and rear shock-absorbers while the car is in motion.

The new "Gloria," which has a capacity of 1232 c.c., is priced at £325 and is capable of speeds approaching 80 miles per hour; it can be supplied with an engine of 1087 c.c. at the same price. Mr. Donald Healey, Triumph's experimental manager, who won the Light Car Class of the 1934 Monte Carlo Rally, has been largely responsible for the design.

Rough going near Bridport. A Vauxhall "Light Six" makes light of climbing Meerhay Hill, which is notorious for its very bad surface

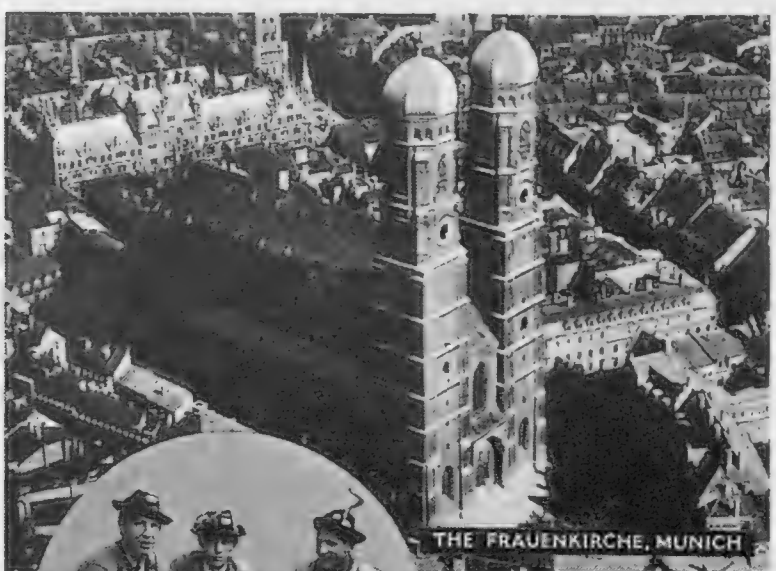
The "Riley 24"

THE fourth annual 24 hours' reliability trial of the Riley Motor Club, familiarly known as the "Riley 24," is to be held this year on June 22nd and 23rd.

The event, which is the Club's most important annual fixture, has been immensely popular since its inception, and each year the entry list has grown larger. Hitherto, Wales has been chosen for the final stages, but the choice of Harrogate as rendezvous for this year's event is likely to be popular.

There are twelve starting-points: London, Bristol, Southsea, Cardiff, Norwich, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. The route from each passes through two intermediate controls, with the exception of Southsea, which has only one.

Awards, as usual, fall under the headings of Private Owners, Lady Owners, Trade category, Team category, and Novices' class, with a series of special awards for best performances in the timed hill-climb.


THE FRAUENKIRCHE, MUNICH

BAVARIAN PEASANT BOYS

THE ZUGSPITZE

MUNICH and the Bavarian Alps

Munich, artistic centre of Germany, is the gateway to the Bavarian Alps, where the costumes and customs of olden days still survive. Here gather the peasants in their picturesque garb, and here, from July 9th to August 20th, are held the Wagner and Mozart Festivals—superb renderings of the greatest Operas by these two composers.

Everywhere, you will discover the heartiest hospitality—Germany is waiting to welcome you this Summer.

Come to GERMANY and see for yourself...

REGISTERED MARKS CHEAPEN CONSIDERABLY THE COST OF TRAVEL AND STAY IN GERMANY. YOU SHOULD ALSO OBTAIN REGISTERED MARK TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES FOR PERSONAL EXPENSES BEFORE LEAVING.

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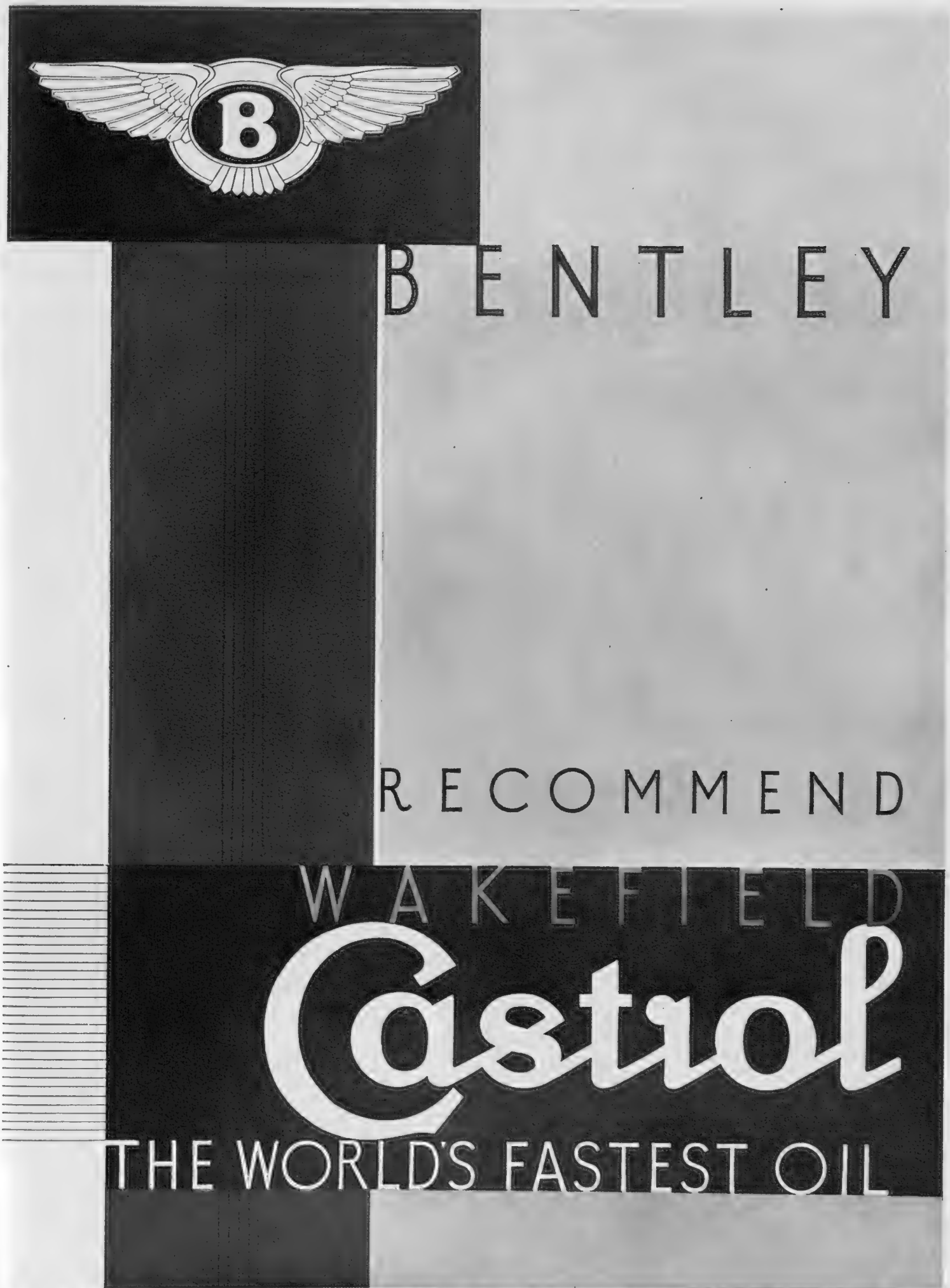
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Some Flying Occasions

By Charles Ward

Riders passing the time of day with pilots at Woodley, before setting off with their respective steeds. The Reading Aero Club is at home on June 9th, when the Ladies' Race for the Northesk Cup, and other events, are held

Lady Jean Rankin, who flies at Heston, has just bought a smart red-and-black Leopard Moth. She and her husband made first solo flights within a quarter of an hour of one another after no more than six hours' instruction each

Personalities Aloft

THE Viceroy of India and Lady Willingdon are flying to England on leave by Imperial Airways. This is the first occasion on which His Excellency has flown over the whole route, though Lady Willingdon returned from England by air last year. The Earl of Essex, who learnt to fly at Heston in 1932, has bought one of the latest Klemm monoplanes, which he intends to use for private touring in this country and abroad Dr. J. E. Thomson, one of the founders of the Singapore Flying Club, which is almost unique in possessing a fleet of seaplanes, has returned to Heston for a refresher course. Baron H. d'Erlanger, brother-in-law of Mr. Roderick Denman, a director of Airwork at Heston, appears in a recent list of pupils who have made successful solo flights. Mr. Bernard Rubin, who broke the record from Australia to England with Mr. Waller, flying a Leopard Moth, learnt to fly at Heston as recently as last August. He took instruction on Moths and Cadets alternately, making his first solo after three hours' dual. Customs have been busy at Heston during the fine weather, interesting entries in the Airport log-book being Mr. Francis Francis from Paris in his Sikorsky, with six passengers; Air Vice-Marshal Borton in the Napier "Gull," solo to Vienna; Lord Sempill, who everyone is glad to see in the air again, from Amsterdam.

Doncaster on the Air Map

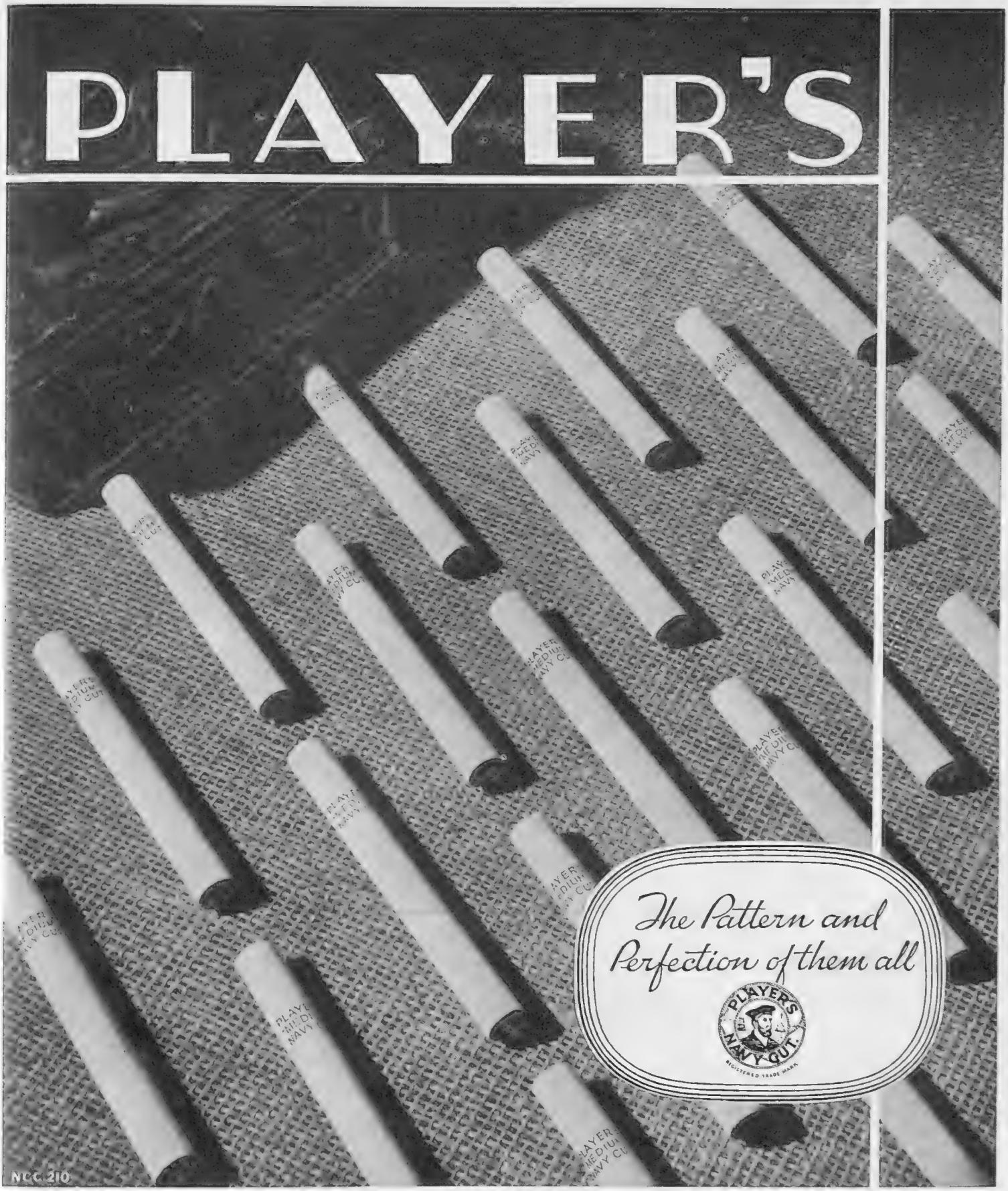
DONCASTER, well known to racegoers, is to have its aerodrome next door to the racecourse itself, which seems most convenient and appropriate. Lord Lonsdale will declare the site open on Saturday next, May 26th, and the occasion will be celebrated locally by the visit of Sir Alan Cobham's National Aviation Day Display. This also is most apt, for the reason that Sir Alan Cobham himself is adviser to the Doncaster Corporation on the development of their aerodrome, which will be made one of the finest in the North of England. A sum up to £100,000 has been allocated for development work on the site, which is planned to cover 120 acres, with extensions at a later date to more than three times that size. Substantial prizes, including a cup presented by the Corporation and valued at £300, have been put up for an inter-club navigation test, combined with a race which will be open to members of all the associated clubs in the country. There is no entrance fee, but each club must enter not less than three machines, the pilots of which must not be instructors or professionals.

Seaside Services

VISITORS to the Isle of Wight have a choice between two air services from London, the Southern Railway operating from Croydon, using Spartan Cruisers, and the P.S.I.W.A. from Heston, using Dragons. A new line has been opened between Cardiff, Bristol, and Bournemouth by Western Airways, the company formed by Norman Edgar to run the ferry service across the River Severn. Connections with the Great Western air service and with Midland and Scottish Air Ferries make it possible to fly from Scotland or Ireland to the south-west of England or the Channel Islands in a day. The Dragon Six, which has been ordered by Railway Air Services, has passed all tests in great style. It can climb to 5000 feet on one engine, which is a factor of safety seldom, if ever, achieved before with a passenger machine. Thinking of Dragons, our technical contemporary, the *Aeroplane*, which now appears in bold type, easier to read and more conveniently made up, has published some excellent pictures of the Dragon family, both in the air and on the tarmac.

Empire Air Day and Others

ON Thursday next, May 24, Empire Day attains fresh significance by being associated with the air. Every aerodrome of importance, including many R.A.F. stations, and also a number of aircraft works, will be thrown open to the public, a small charge being made for R.A.F. charities. The Royal Aeronautical Society holds its annual Conversazione—an enjoyable and matey affair, in spite of its Victorian name—on Thursday, May 31st, at the Science Museum. Professor B. Melvill Jones will lecture on "Stalling" before the party, which includes also a reception by the President, Mr. C. R. Fairey, and members of the Council. Competitors from abroad for the London-Melbourne race are, so far, conspicuous by their absence, in spite of much talk, particularly from America, of giving us a lesson in speed. Entries to date include two "Comets," the mystery 'plane being built by de Havillands; one twin-engined Airspeed "Courier"; a standard "Courier" for the handicap race only—this entry from Aircraft Exchange and Mart, the concessionaires—and an unspecified 'plane, entered by the Irish Hospitals Trust, to be flown by Colonel Fitzmaurice. There is to be an At-Home at Brooklands on June 2nd, admittance being by invitation only. Vickers, Hawkers, and the Brooklands School are organising the display, which will include demonstrations of high-speed Service aircraft, parachuting and races.



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Two Books on Cricket

By Howard Marshall

Above: "Patsy" Hendren, the first cricketer to score a century against the Australians, being escorted by a policeman from the "middle" at Lord's, after completing his innings for the M.C.C.

Right: the seventeen-year-old Yorkshire batsman who comes from Pudsey. He scored 57, not out, against Oxford University, and the way he did it indicates that he is a player of promise

L. Hutton

I HAVE been reading rather too much about cricket lately, and playing too little. Not that it makes much odds—an ounce of practice may be worth a ton of theory, but not even Mr. I. A. R. Peebles, with his small but most entertaining book on the art of bowling, could teach me to rattle out a village team.

This is no criticism of Mr. Peebles—merely an admission of my own incompetence with the ball. As a matter of fact, Mr. Peebles is persuasive; he makes you feel that really there is very little difficulty about this spin-bowling racket. He causes you to believe, moreover, that as a batsman you will have less trouble than ever in detecting the one which comes out of the back of the hand.

All this is very unsettling to one who is condemned to take his cricket in large doses from the Press-box. Still, I can happily recommend Mr. Peebles's little treatise to those kindred spirits who grab every cricket book the moment it comes hot from the machines.

Talking of bowling, though, reminds me that I have lately heard three eminent persons say that Grimmett, of Australia, reminds them very forcibly of W. G. Grace in action with the ball. I don't mean that they see a kind of miniature shadow of the Doctor's burly form trotting to the wickets when Grimmett bowls—it is just the method of delivery which is similar, the arm coming over so low, and then the flight and the variations of length. A great bowler, Grimmett—watch him when he quickens his pace a shade, and forces the attacking batsman back, and suddenly produces the top-spinner to rap the defensive pad.

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Bernard Darwin, deserting golf, has just written a delightful book on W. G. Grace. It may be that many of the stories he has to tell are familiar ones, but he tells them in his own charming manner, and he has succeeded in bringing "W. G." very vividly to life again. There are those, I dare say, who will disagree with Mr. Darwin's estimate of "W. G.'s" character, but no cricketer can fail to enjoy his portrait of the man. As Mr. Darwin reminds us, the "W. G." we know best is not merely a celebrity, but the central figure in a cricketing mythology. It is difficult to explain, despite his marvellous performances, exactly why he has become a legendary figure; I find myself thinking of him as if he were a character in one of Shakespeare's plays.

Certainly Shakespeare would have loved him; he was in the Falstaff tradition, with Falstaff's virtues and none of his vices. "W. G." was no braggart and no coward—he was merely startled when Jones bowled through his beard and the unknown Spofforth strolled up to the nets at Melbourne and scattered his stumps and strolled away again. He was modest, courageous, generous to young players, "except," as one of his most devoted admirers has remarked, "that he tried to chisel them out l.b.w." There you have the contradictory side of his nature, for we cannot escape the conviction that he was not above what, nowadays, we should call "sharp practice." Mr. Darwin—and I think he is right—condones this by suggesting that "W. G." was something of a survival from an older tradition, and that his standards were not ours. That he had standards which he would not infringe there is no question, but there was no law, for example, against shouting "Miss it!" to a fieldsman who might otherwise have caught him out, so "W. G." shouted with gusto.

Cricket to the champion was not a matter of text-book rules, but a battle of wits and a clash of personalities. If his opponents had not the strength of mind to withstand his wiles they must suffer for it; one of the immutable laws of existence sent the weakest to the wall. It could seldom be said against him, as Mr. Darwin points out, that he was wrong, but rather that he was too desperately right.

It is true also that the less serious the match the more apt was "W. G." to indulge his particular humour. There was that village game in which his brother, "E. M.", was bowling when "W. G." fielded at point. A steady stream of appeals came from "E. M.": all steadily refused. Then said "W. G.", confidentially, to the umpire, "Never mind my brother: he 's always appealing. Now, when I appeal, it *is* out." An over or two passed, and then came "How 's that?" from point, and out went the batsman. That is typical—not wholly admirable, perhaps, but a minor triumph of personality. The fact is that "W. G.", with all his limitations, possessed the undefinable qualities of greatness as a man, qualities which will cause us to talk of him with awe when more recent record-breakers are forgotten. This, I think, is a tribute to cricket as a game which cannot be flattened out to a dull technical level, since it is flexible enough to take its true colour from the personalities of its players.

We lack those personalities to-day, though I believe they are returning to the game. Hammond is one of them—how disturbing it is, by the way, that he is having trouble with his back—and D. R. Jardine is another. A. P. F. Chapman, Leyland, Tate, B. H. Valentine, Sutcliffe, Woolley, Duckworth—perhaps, after all, our stock is not so low. Incidentally, talking of personalities, Mr. Darwin's favourite story of "W. G." recalls the occasion when the champion was playing for a team of illustrious veterans against Charterhouse. He was introduced to a boy whose father had played for Gloucestershire. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," said "W. G.", "and I hope you 're a better fielder than your father was. He was the worst that ever I did see."

THAT set me pondering on the importance of fielding, and on Leary Constantine in particular, a great character if ever there was one. It is worth while reflecting upon Constantine's insistence that fielding is insufficiently practised, and that slip-fielders particularly can stand yards nearer than they think they can, if only they will trust their eyes and hands.

He tells a story about a game the West Indians played against Kent, when Hardinge was cutting Griffith right down to the ground, yards in front of Constantine, a perfectly safe stroke. Constantine pondered about this; he knew he could not move in closer without causing Hardinge to change his tactics, but there was the ball, dropping pretty well on the same spot every time, and going for runs.

Constantine judged his distance, poised himself on his toes; Hardinge cut, Constantine flung himself forward full-length, arm at full stretch and eye on the ball. As he had hoped, Hardinge made exactly the same stroke he had made to previous balls; Constantine moved in time, brought off the catch, and everyone rated it as a miracle. It was a great piece of work, certainly, but Constantine's point is that such fielding is the result of intelligent anticipation, much practice, and great concentration, all of which are within the reach of most first-class players.

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Entries close Friday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, May 25th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

NORTH BERWICK — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Friday, May 25th, 1934. "THE BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick, June 12, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

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Telephone No.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at North Berwick with

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Home Address.....

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner, to Miss Helme as above; or after June 8th to her at Royal Hotel, North Berwick. Telephone: 3 North Berwick.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

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The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Royal Hotel, North Berwick*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive. Special terms also at *Marine Hotel, North Berwick*; 16s. 6d. per day, single room; or 15s. each if sharing a double room.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at North Berwick on June 12th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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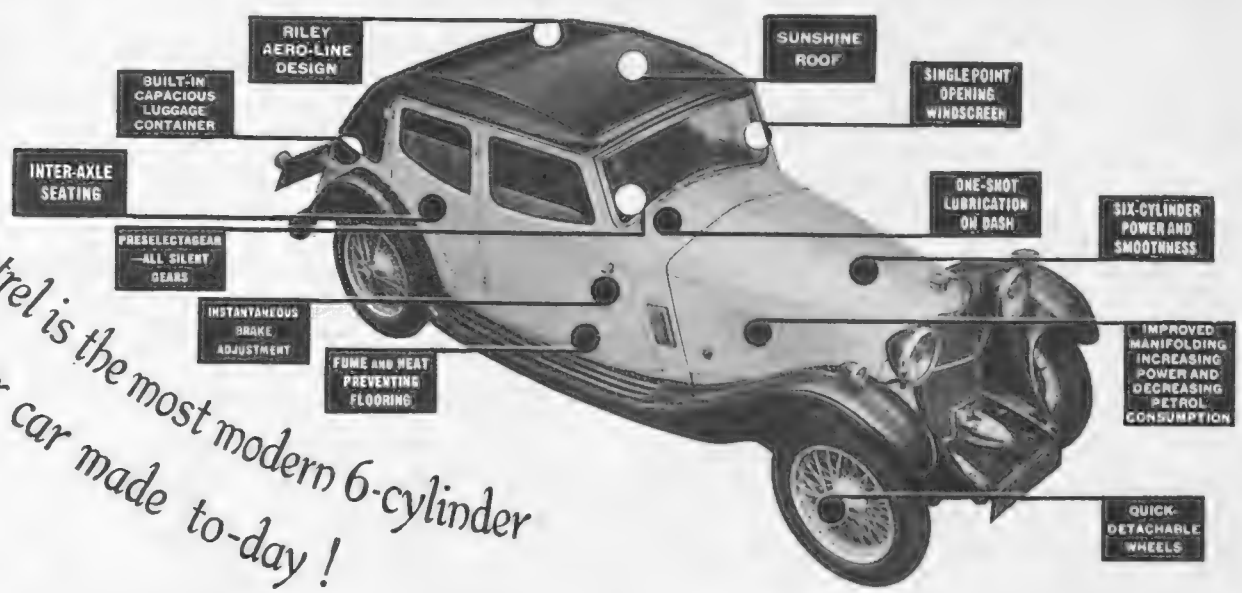

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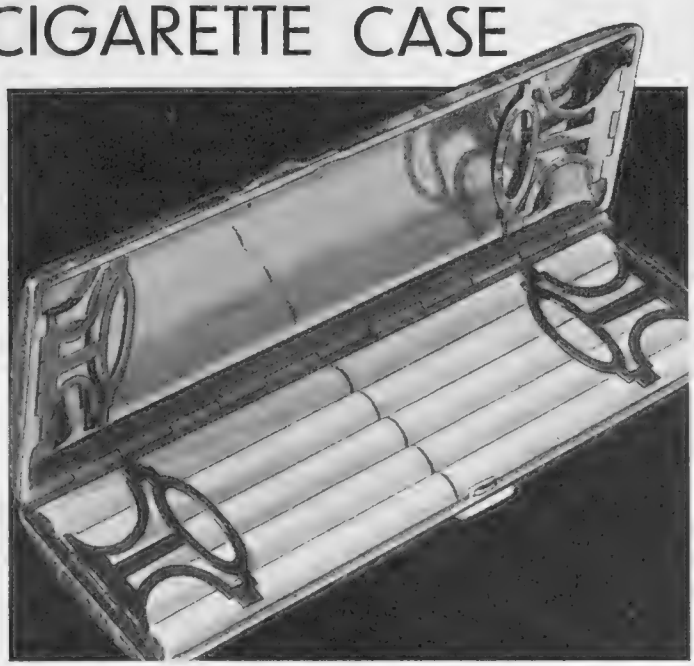

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THE THEATRE

Plays

BIOGRAPHY.—Behrman's highbrow comedy is played with speed, intelligence, and humour by Ina Claire, as the fastidiously easy-living portrait-painter, and Laurence Olivier, as her intolerant young journalist friend: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—Albert Lambert and his company, including Jeanne Delvair and Vera Koren, play Ruy-Blas (Victor Hugo), Œdipus Rex (Sophocles), Le Cid (Corneille), Le Misanthrope (Molière), L'Insommise (Froudaie): Cambridge.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT.—Gaston Baty's adaptation and production of Dostoievsky's masterpiece is played by a Théâtre Montparnasse company, with Lucien Nat faultless as Raskolnekov: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DARK TOWER.—Francis Sullivan as the horrific Svengali husband, Edna Best as the wretch's semi-hypnotised wife, Basil Sydney as her brother, introducing some humour and relief from gloom; there 's a murder and a clever ending: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—Magda Kun, the Hungarian comédienne, Louise Browne, Steve Geray and Claud Allister, are in this comedy: Duke of York's.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

NO WAY BACK.—A play by Graham Hope, with Mary Clare, Sophie Stewart, Esme Church, Douglas Jeffries: Whitehall, 8.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCHWOOD.—Dodie Smith's comedy of the search for happiness is set in a Scottish hotel, with Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Oriel Ross and Ian Hunter in the cast: Haymarket.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Open-Air Theatre, Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park: Matinées, 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GEISHA.—Rose Hignell as the authentic, and Bertha Riccardo as the English geishas; the songs have lasted better than the comedy in this revival: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters: Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

GOOD - MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—Speed, wisecracks, and a hundred-and-one absurd complications make first-class entertainment in this American "rag"; Vera Marshe as Curley Flagg, a blonde cabaret girl, heads the quick-witted American contingent in the cast: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ONCE UPON A TIME.—An English version of the French "modern fairy tale," with Helena Pickard as fairy-queen-private-enquiry agent: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUITTER.—A gangster play, with Eve Gray and Ben Weldon heading the cast: Royalty, 8.40.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN.—*Die Meistersinger*, to-night, 7; *Schwanda*, conducted by Clemens Krauss, May 23rd, 8.30; *Die Meistersinger*, May 24th, 7; *Arabella*, with Krauss conducting, May 25th, 8.

CINEMAS

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Russian Empress; the great actress's first English film continues its long success: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO.—Dolores del Rio, Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire, aeroplanes, music, dancing, girls and more girls: Regal.

HIPS HIPS HOORAY.—The latest Wheeler and Woolsey "comic," with Dorothy Lee as the decorative interlude to their nonsense: Capitol.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli, from May 25th.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert make an excellent sentimental team in an amusing comedy, directed by Frank Capra: Tivoli, to May 25.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders, has its world première: New Gallery.

PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE.—A beautifully photographed and acted film of Pierre Loti's story of the Breton fishing people: Academy.

RAPT.—World première of this story of the mountains, with Dito Parlo and Vital as stars: Curzon.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SCARLET EMPRESS.—Marlene Dietrich appears, an interesting contrast to the Bergner, as Catherine of Russia: Carlton.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE.—The name describes the film; Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan are the jungle pair: Empire.

WE 'RE NOT DRESSING.—Comedy and music, with Bing Crosby and Carol Lombard: Plaza.

MUSIC

Orchestral

FINNISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA.—First of three concerts: Queen's Hall, May 29th, 8.15.

Recitals

REGINALD BOURLIER.—Song-recital: Aeolian Hall, May 24th, 8.15.

NANCY DICKINSON.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, May 24th, 8.15.

EMANUEL FEUERMANN.—'Cello recital: Wigmore Hall, May 25th, 8.30.

MOISEIWITSCH.—Beethoven recital: Wigmore Hall, May 26th, 3.

HOROWITZ.—Only recital this season: Queen's Hall, May 28th, 8.30.

RENATA BORGATTE.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, May 28th, 8.15.

GIGLI.—Only concert: Albert Hall, May 29th, 8.15.

(*Continued on page C*)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker, "first and last of the red-hot mommas," is here for a short season; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea and his band play dance music and the Three Rhythm Aces play and sing in cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls are here now, loveliest of all, with Edith Roarke as queen-lovely, Sunny O'Rea as star dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GAY ADVENTURE.—Esher.—A place to dine and dance outside London; the swimming-pool is now open.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Beatrice Lillie is back here, with her songs and mimicry; Jack Harris makes music to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

QUAGLINO'S.—The Viennese Seven Singing Sisters supply the cabaret, Van Straten the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Ballrooms

PAGEANT OF RUNNYMEDE FILM BALL: Claridge's, May 23rd.

PERSONAL SERVICE LEAGUE BALL: Grosvenor House, May 23rd.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL BIRTHDAY BALL: Grosvenor House, May 24th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—Pageantry, riding and jumping, physical training; the Army, Navy and Air Force show themselves as England's best entertainers: Olympia.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 5A, Pall Mall East.

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House.

CHILDREN'S GARDEN PARTY.—For Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children: Marlborough House.

SPORT

CRICKET.—Australia v. Hampshire: Southampton, May 23rd.

Australia v. Middlesex: Lord's, May 26th.

GOLF.—Amateur Championship: Prestwich, May 21st—25th.

TENNIS.—Surbiton Tournament: May 21st—26th. Chiswick Park: May 28th—June 2nd.

POLO.—Buenos Aires Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, to May 26th.

Visitors' Handicap Tournament: Hurlingham, from May 28th.

Roehampton Cup: Roehampton, from May 28th.

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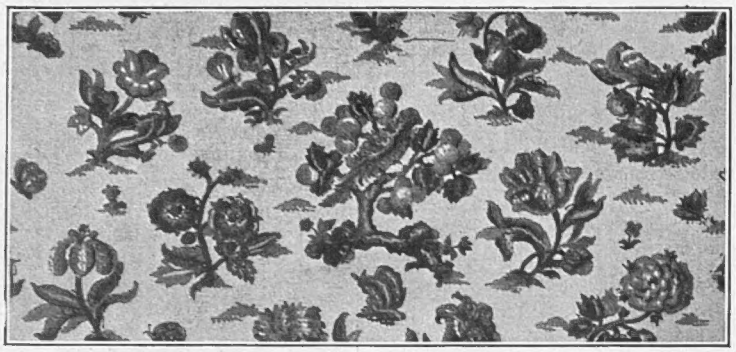

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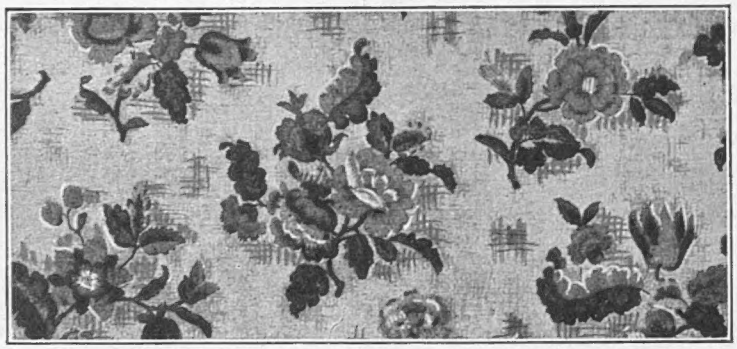

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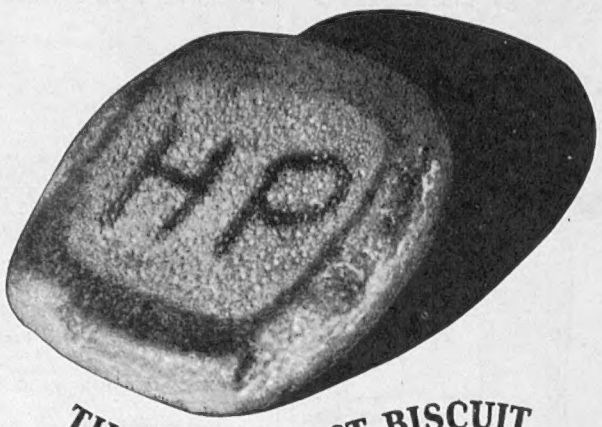

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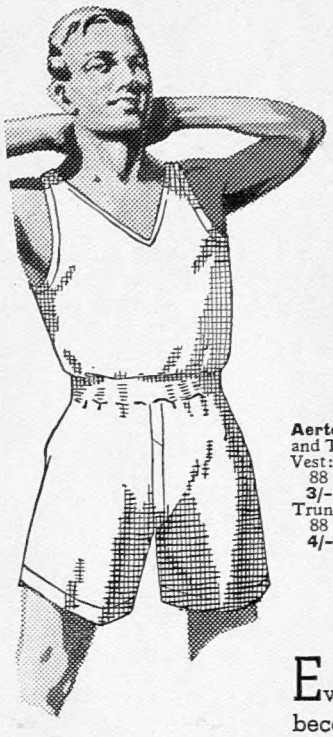

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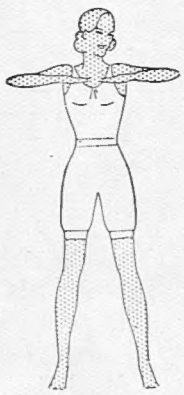

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MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan.*

"These days," replied the young woman, unmoved, "it's impossible to tell. One can't be too careful. Undergraduates are joining the Force every day. I'm told 'C' Division is full of them."
"Not really?"
"Really. And now I come to look at you," she continued, fixing him with her very blue eyes, "your face is familiar to me."
"No doubt," said Hugo, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "you've noticed me on point-duty . . ."

". . . I'm rather surprised," he said, determined not to let her have it all her own way, "to find you running a place like this." Seemingly a little annoyed, she said: "You don't imagine I like it, do you? But when father died, leaving less than nothing, there was nothing for me to do but face the facts. And I'm facing them. One's got to live. By the way," she lowered her voice, "why did you sign a false name in the book? Afraid of a raid?"
"Well, these places get raided, don't they? One never knows when the police are going to turn up."
With a touch of pride she said: "I don't let policemen into the club . . ."

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